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ARRI AND I.

Down on the slope the cow-bells tinkled ;
 Up in the trees the robins sung ;
 The bees hummed low, and Arri and I
 Sat in the grape-vine there, and swung ;
 Strange dark eyes and a tender face,
 Set in the fairest golden hair—
 A shy soft form of beauty and grace ;
 Such was Arri beside me there.

We were children then, they called us so ;
 And we sat there under the summer noon,
 Swinging listlessly to and fro.
 And humming together a low love-tone ;
 The sycamore drooped its fan-leaved arms,
 And the russet tassels swung,
 Among the leaves like marriage bells,
 On the white twigs, silver-hung.

A fair soft tress has slept on my heart
 This many and many a day ;
 I have thought that the heart might scarcely beat
 If that were taken away ;
 Over and over I kiss it—so !—
 Lay it out in the moonlight, there !—
 It brings me back the strange, dark eyes,
 The tender face and the golden hair.

She gave it to me one night in May,
 Walking under the full May-moon ;—
 I was going away in a ship that night,
 To come again in the next year's June ;
 I have come again ; but it is not June ;
 Down on the slope the snow drifts high ;
 The winter moon shines clear and cold,
 The trees are gray, and so am I.

Moons have passed unnumbered away
 Since then ; their lustrous coils
 Have wound around the smiling earth,
 Making the night their spoils.
 Many a May has passed away,
 Many a June has sped ;
 Death and winter reign on the slope ;
 I am here, but Arri is dead !

Across the path is a graveyard now ;
 I can hear the church-bells ring,
 And white stones part the drifted snow
 Close by the grape-vine swing.
 The sycamore droops its long, bare arms,
 And the russet tassels swing
 To and fro like funeral bells,
 On the dead twigs where they cling.

We are both here under the moonlight
 Where we walked so long ago ;
 Both, both are under the moonlight,
 But one is under the snow.
 Dark eyes lie deep under snow and sod,
 Mould rests on the golden hair.
 Deep, deep under shadow and gravestone
 Thick dust is gathering there.

Dust on the forehead pure and white—
 Dust on my heart so heavy and cold !
 Tempest and rain and night have passed,
 Over my life so gray and old.

Many a night and many a storm
 Have darkened the blue Pacific's flow ;
 I only remember one that passed
 Down by the red equator's glow ;
 Passed with its sheltering wings of night—
 We were left on a bleak, barbarian shore ;
 The burning tropical day rose up,
 And then I counted the time no more ;
 I never counted the burning years,
 (Crossing the seas with their fiery tread) —
 What matter to me if they went or came,
 I was a slave, and she was dead !

—Springfield Republican.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

LIKE dreary prison walls
 The stern, gray mountains rise,
 Until their topmost crags
 Touch the far gloomy skies :
 One steep and narrow path
 Winds up the mountain's crest,
 And from our valley leads
 Out to the golden West.

I dwell here in content,
 Thankful for tranquil days ;
 And yet, my eyes grow dim,
 As still I gaze and gaze
 Upon that mountain pass,
 That leads— or so it seems—
 To some far happy land,
 Known in a world of dreams.

As I watch that path
 Over the distant hill,
 A foolish longing comes
 My heart and soul to fill,
 A painful, strange desire
 To break some weary bond ;
 A vague unuttered wish
 For what might lie beyond.

In that far world unknown,
 Over that distant hill,
 May dwell the loved and lost,
 Lost—yet beloved still ;
 I have a yearning hope,
 Half longing, and half pain,
 That by that mountain pass,
 They may return again.

Space may keep friends apart,
 Death has a mighty thrall,
 There is another gulf
 Harder to cross than all ;
 Yet watching that far road,
 My heart beats full and fast ;—
 If they should come once more,
 If they should come at last !

See, down the mountain side
 The silver vapors creep ;
 They hide the rocky cliffs,
 They hide the craggy steep,
 They hide the narrow path
 That comes across the hill,—
 O foolish longing, cease ;
 O beating heart, be still !

—All The Year Round.

From The Eclectic Review.
ON SOMNAMBULISM.

IN what are called by courtesy "the good old times of good Queen Bess," our ladies could eat like our modern ploughmen (if accounts be true), and our ploughmen like boa constrictors. In those days the digestive apparatus was both the strong and the weak point of the system: they could get an immensity of work out of it, and as a supplement, its disorders, as surfeits, fevers and inflammations, were rife among them. The nervous system is now the strong and the weak point; we can get a greater amount of work out of brain and nerve than our ancestors could, and the consequence is that we have a greater preponderance of neuropathies and sychopathies and all manner of strange nervous phenomena, of a morbid and quasi-morbid character than has ever been observed before. Our polysyllabic friend, Feuchtersleben, says that the "fundamental character of the present generation is a predominant erethistic vital debility;" and although the expression is not too comprehensible to the general reader, the idea is correct, if he means (as we believe he does) that there is a tendency to a morbidly energetic performance of certain functions, more especially of those connected with the nervous system. Hence, perhaps, it arises that notwithstanding all our boasted, and all our real intellectual advancement, we do no discredit to our forefathers as regards the energy and zeal with which we bear our part in the follies, weaknesses, and insanities of our race; bravely do we bear up our character for credulity and its inevitable attendant, scepticism; and while we profess to look down with lofty pity upon the benighted ignorance that persecuted those who were accused of witchcraft or demoniacal intercourse, that looked upon the prophecies of Cevennes and the *convulsionnaires* of St. Medard as veritable influences from on high,—that attributed the phenomena of natural science to a power derived from evil spirits—we have our own innumerable forms of spiritual fanaticism, our jumpers, shakers, apostle-baptists, socialists, mormons, etc. Again we have a recent and peculiar manifestation in the spiritualism of our age which requires a careful investigation of the morbid and exceptional forms of mental and nervous activity. This spiritualism widely prevails in all classes. We have tables that turn and spirits that

rap; yea, clairvoyants that predict the future, reveal the distant, or communicate, like Holmes, the last compositions of Byron and Shelley, in their new abodes.*

Doubtless there is a large element of imposture in the production of many of these phenomena, intended to amuse or extract money from the credulous; but the whole cannot be summarily accounted for and dismissed on this hypothesis alone; the testimony to their reality is in some cases too high to be entirely discredited: moreover, men do not go mad upon a voluntary imposition; and it is said that of the lunatics confined in asylums in the United States, there are seven thousand five hundred and twenty who have become so entirely owing to this "spirit-faith."

In the dark ages, when the secrets of natural science were known but to a few, those adepts who could astonish the vulgar and even the learned, by flashes, explosions, and apparitions, were accounted to be assisted by familiar spirits; whilst they themselves knew, as all the world does now, that they were but taking advantage of the ordinary properties of matter. So in the present day, when men see others speaking, writing, and moving, apparently unconsciously, and exhibiting other exceptional phenomena of a psychical nature, an idea becomes extensively received (as we have seen above) that there is something supernatural in all this, and recourse is had, as of old, to the theory of spiritual agency to account for it. Whilst those who are familiar with the *modus operandi* of the nervous system in its normal and abnormal or exceptional conditions, recognize such phenomena as old acquaintance dressed in guise more or less new; and require no spirit more active, tricky, or mischievous than itself to stand godfather to its own strange vagaries.

None of the phenomena of life are, strictly speaking, explicable, or traceable to their ultimate cause, but they are reducible to general expressions, and susceptible of illustration by analogies, and classification according to relations; and it is with the intention of in-

* The spirit-faith in America is computed to embrace two millions of believers, and hundreds of thousands in other lands, with twenty thousand mediums. These include men in all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest. The daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly journals devoted solely to *spiritualism* and its doings, may be counted in the United States, we believe, by scores.

dicating the natural position of the phenomena alluded to, in a rational classification, that we propose from time to time to introduce to the notice of our readers, some of the more exceptional manifestations of the nervous system, both in its bodily and its mental relations. That form which we have selected for brief illustration in the present paper comprises both these, and will be found to include in itself a *resumé* of almost all the accounts which seem so wonderful, when attached to the history of a spiritual *séance*. It is also especially applicable as an illustration of our intended purpose; inasmuch as it has been as much the subject of superstitious conjecture as the *spiritual* manifestations of the present day. Horstius informs us that somnambulists were called the "*illibaptized*," the omission of part of the ceremony being supposed to have subjected them to the influence of spirits. He strongly opposes this view, and considers somnambulists to be truly prophets, and under the immediate influence of angels. In common with all other phenomena which appear to pass the bounds of the average knowledge of mankind, these have been summarily accounted for by supernatural influence.

Man exists about one-third of his life in a state of sleep, a condition of repose more or less complete, according to various influences within and without. Perfect sleep is characterized by a complete and profound unconsciousness of every thing, even of existence—the senses are closed against all impressions, the limbs have become relaxed and inactive; even the will in common with every other faculty of the mind, is in abeyance, as Lucretius says:—

— "ubi est distracta per artus
Vis animæ—
Debile fit corpus, languescunt omnia membra;
Brachia, palpebræque cadunt; poplitesque prob-
cumbunt."

Sleep is not always so profound, yet it presents such a picture of inactivity ordinarily, that poets and philosophers have frequently called it the image of death. Even Cicero speaks thus of the affinity—" *nihil videmus mortis tam simile quam somnum*," and Ovid asks,

"Quid est somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis imago?"

Yet all this is much more poetical than philosophical, for the most profound sleep is no more really like death, than is a limb in

repose to a marble image of the same. All the organic life is in full action, according to some writers in even more vigorous action, than during the waking moments; and we shall see shortly that the animal life is susceptible of considerable activity, even during the continuance of the profoundest sleep. In general some of the functions, both animal and intellectual, are only partly suspended, as is manifested in dreaming, with or without action. In this case, a kind of consciousness is present, but with a singular modification of that distinct sense of individuality or personality by which the waking man is characterized. Imagination and memory are both awake, frequently in a more active state than when the subject is truly awake; but they play strange tricks with each other, and with their possessor. He can contemplate his own murder, or attend his own funeral, without any feeling of surprise or awe; he can commit the most fearful crimes without any horror; he sees the most tremendous convulsions of nature, and the utter subversion of her ordinary laws, without astonishment; he converses with the dead, yet seeks not to know how they have escaped their prison-house; and with the living, whom he knows to be separated from him by seas and continents; and all seems natural and a matter of course. Truly has sleep a thousand sons (*natorum mille suorum*, Ovid).

From this we may draw one obvious, but very important conclusion, that *the mind may be awake as to some of its functions, whilst utterly dormant in others*. The same position is illustrated by the phenomena of ordinary reverie, upon which we cannot pause at present.

The faculties even in ordinary dreaming are very variable as to their activity. Dreams for the most part are incoherent, shadowy resemblances of scenes and ideas that are past, most frequently in new and grotesque combinations. Reason and judgment are in abeyance; we seem to ourselves to reason, and feel satisfied with the justice and propriety of our conclusions; we compose verses which charm our *amour propre* with their elegant cadence; yet if we can recall these processes when we awake, our arguments are nonsense and our lines the most outrageous doggerel. Much more rarely dreams are not a repetition, but a supplement of what has occurred during the day, or at some past time; what we have

left undone in our waking moments, we finish in our sleep; compositions which have overtasked the waking mind have been known to be *dreamed out*, and accurately remembered afterwards; of this many hard students will recall one or two personal experiences; new ideas are likewise originated, as Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" is said to have been.

But the dream is occasionally so vivid as to awaken the power of voluntary motion, and the dreamer enacts or speaks his dream. Hence arise gestures, muttering, talking, walking, and the performance of the most complex operations in sleep. We observe the elements of these actions not only in man but in domestic animals; the dog will growl and move uneasily in his sleep, or start up suddenly and bark, evidently in obedience to his dreaming ideas. From these elementary actions, up to the most perfect state of sleep-vigil, we have every gradation, indicating the perfect identity of the phenomena, as to essential nature.

The observation of sleep-walking or somnambulism is of very ancient date: two varieties were noticed, one of which we shall pass over very briefly, as being unimportant, except as a collateral illustration; it is that where the subject of it is engaged in some occupation which he continues although sleep overtakes him. Thus Galen fell asleep whilst walking, and continued to do so until he struck his foot against a stone. Felix Plater relates that he himself often fell asleep whilst playing the lute, which he continued until the instrument fell and awoke him. He also states that a friend fell asleep whilst reading aloud, and read an entire page whilst sleeping. It is said not to be unusual for soldiers upon the march to fall asleep on a fatiguing journey, still keeping up with the rest; this was often noticed during the retreat from Moscow.

Hippocrates first notices the true somnambulism, the imitation of action in accordance with sleeping ideas: "*Quosdam in somno lugentes et vociferantes vidi, quosdam exsistentes et fugientes ac diripientes quoad excitarentur.*" Aristotle also notices it.

It is most ordinary to find that those acts which are habitual by day are most frequently re-enacted by night. Of these the simplest are those connected with visiting the usual scenes of labor. Some will descend the shafts of mines, others will ride on horse-

back, walk, pass dangerous places which they could not have accomplished when awake, and perform the most complex mechanical operations, such as watch-making, etc. Some will even swim during sleep; Dr. Franklin relates one such instance about himself: and Macnish, in his "Philosophy of Sleep," gives an account of a man who walked over a rough and dangerous road nearly two miles, and then plunged into the water, where he swam a mile and a half before he was picked up, still fast asleep. In general terms the somnambulist may perform all the acts, however complex, of which he is capable during the day, and even execute purposes which would be quite beyond his power in his waking moments; he may enter into conversation with the bystanders, and manifest a certain modified activity of any or all of the senses, as in recognizing persons and things, and avoiding obstacles; he may then return to bed, and when he awakes, have no consciousness of any thing that has passed. Such is generally the case, but not invariably; occasionally the somnambulism is merely the action of a vivid dream, which is remembered (but only as a dream) on waking. Horstius relates the story of a boy who "dreamed that he got out of bed, and ascended to the summit of an enormous rock, where he found an eagle's nest, which he brought away with him and placed under his bed. Now the whole of these events actually took place, and what he conceived on waking to be a mere vision, was proved to have had an actual existence, by the nest being found in the precise spot where he imagined he had put it, and by the evidence of spectators who had witnessed his perilous adventure. The precipice which he ascended, was of a nature that must have baffled the most expert mountaineer, and such as at other times he could never have scaled."* These adventures are not always unattended by danger. Schenkus relates an instance where the somnambulist, in attempting to get out of a window, fell and broke his thigh; a similar accident happened to a musician in Bath.

Although the events of the night are usually forgotten in the morning, or only remembered as a vivid dream, yet they are registered in that mysterious storehouse of ours, the memory; for on the next accession of night-wandering, all the events of the

* Quoted by Macnish.

previous attack are remembered, the thread of this strange supplementary life is taken up where it was broken perhaps months before. We think it unnecessary to quote many instances of the lower forms of somnambulism, which consist merely of repetitions of the acts of the day; they are all very much of one character; but the phenomena become much more interesting and suggestive when the manifestations of activity are more especially intellectual, and when at the same time the condition of the senses can be investigated. There are a few well-observed and well-authenticated cases of this character, which we shall proceed to abstract as briefly as is consistent with the attainment of the full significance of the facts.

Henricus ab Heers relates an instance of a friend of his own, who, being unable to finish some verses to his satisfaction by day, arose in his sleep, finished them, sought out his friends, read them, and retired to rest again. It was with difficulty that he was made to believe all that had occurred when he awoke.

Two very instructive cases are quoted by Dr. Pritchard from Muratori. The first relates to a young Italian noble. Signor Augustin, who was accustomed to walk and perform a variety of acts in his sleep. The attacks are usually announced by a peculiar manner of sleeping on his back, with wide-open, staring, unmoved eyes. Vigneul-Marville, an eye-witness, gives the following account of one occasion: "About midnight, Signor Augustin drew aside the bedclothes with violence, arose and put on his clothes. I went up to him, and held the light under his eyes; he took no notice of it, although his eyes were open and staring." After performing a variety of movements about the house, and seeking for many things, appearing occasionally to hear noises that were made, and to be frightened by them, "he went into the stable, led out his horse, mounted it, and galloped to the house door, at which he knocked several times. Having taken back his horse, he heard a noise which the servants made in the kitchen, and went to the door, holding his ear to the key-hole, and appeared to listen attentively." He afterwards went to the billiard-room and enacted the motions of a player. He then went to the harpsichord and played a few irregular airs. "After having moved about for two hours, he went to his room and threw himself upon his bed,

clothed as he was, and the next morning we found him in the same state; for as often as his attack came on, he slept afterwards from eight to ten hours. The servants declared that they could only put an end to his paroxysms either by tickling the soles of his feet, or by blowing a trumpet in his ear."

The case of Negretti is related by the same author, and is valuable as having been separately watched by two physicians, Righellini and Pigatti. He was a servant, and had walked in his sleep from his eleventh year. He would often repeat in his sleep the accustomed duties of the day, and would carry trays and glasses about, and spread the table for dinner with great accuracy, though his eyes were always firmly closed. Indeed it was apparent that he could not see, as he frequently struck against doors, and objects placed in unaccustomed positions. He sometimes carried a candle; but a bottle substituted for it seemed to do as well. His sense of taste appeared to be very imperfect, as he would eat cabbage for salad, drink water for wine, and take coffee for snuff, without appearing in any case to detect the substitution.

In other cases the senses are more awake, and the intelligence more active. Castelli, whose case is related by Francesco Soave, was found one night asleep, in the act of translating from Italian into French, and looking out the words from a dictionary. When his candle was extinguished, he arose and went to seek another light. When any one conversed with him on any subject on which his mind was bent at the time, he gave rational answers; but he seemed to hear nothing that was said to him or near him on other subjects. His eyes also seemed to be only sensible to those objects about which he was immediately engaged, and were quite fixed; so much so, that in reading he turned the whole head from side to side, instead of the eyes.

One of the most remarkable cases on record, is related by the Archbishop of Bordeaux in the "*Encyclopédie Methodique*." It was concerning a young priest at the Catholic seminary, who used to rise in his sleep and write sermons. Having written a page, he would read it aloud, and make corrections. "I have seen [says the archbishop], the beginning of one of his sermons which he had written when asleep; it was well composed,

but one correction surprised me. Having written at first the words '*ce divin enfant*,' he had afterwards effaced the word *divin*, and written over it *adorable*. Then perceiving that *ce* could not stand before the last word, he had dexterously inserted a *t*, so as to make the word *cet*." He continued to write, although a card was held between his eyes and the paper. Did the history stop here, we should have a well-authenticated case of vision without the aid of the eyes. But the collateral circumstances show that this writing was accomplished, not by sight; but by a most accurate mental representation of the object to be attained, as will be further illustrated in our next case. For after he had written a page requiring correction, a piece of blank paper of the exact size was substituted for his own manuscript, and on that he made the corrections in the precise situation which they would have occupied on the original page. A very astonishing part of this report is that which relates to his writing music in this sleeping state, which it is said he did with perfect precision. He asked for certain things, and saw and heard such things, but *only* such things as bore directly upon the subject of his thoughts. He detected the deceit when water was given to him instead of brandy, which he had asked for. Finally, he knew nothing of all that had transpired when he awoke; but in his next paroxysm he remembered all accurately, and so lived a sort of double life, a phenomenon which we believe to be universal in all the cases of exalted somnambulism.

A report made to the Physical Society of Lausanne, on this subject, contains by far the most elaborate and apparently trustworthy account of any we have met with, concerning somnambulism. The observations were made upon a young gentleman named Devaud, aged thirteen and a-half, of a strong constitution; but with "a nervous system of peculiar delicacy, and of the greatest sensibility and irritability." We cannot give even an abstract of the entire report, which may be consulted at length in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, under the head of "Sleep-walkers;" but must content ourselves with such parts as may illustrate the condition of the special senses, and faculties in this state. On one occasion he was attempting, at the commencement of his attack, to dress in the dark: his clothes were mixed with others, and he could not find

them; but on a light being brought, he dressed readily. He heard certain sounds, but was insensible to others. "When he wishes to see an object, he makes an effort to lift the eyelids; but they are so little under his command, that he can hardly raise them a line or two; the iris at that time appears fixed, and his eye dim. When any thing is given to him, and he is told of it, he always half opens his eyes with a degree of difficulty, and then shuts them after he has taken what was offered to him." The phenomena of his writing and correcting, even with a card interposed between his eyes and the paper, are related in almost precisely similar terms to those in the last-mentioned instance. The Academicians who drew up this report came to the following conclusions as regards the state of his senses. 1st. That he is obliged to open his eyes (which are usually closed), in order to recognize objects which he wishes to see; but the impression once made, although rapidly, is vivid enough to supersede the necessity of his opening them again, to view the same objects anew; that is, the same objects are afterwards presented to his imagination with as much force and precision as if he actually saw them. 2nd. That his imagination thus warmed, represents to him objects, and such as he figures to himself, with as much vivacity as if he really saw them; and lastly, that all his senses, being subordinate to his imagination, seem concentrated in the object with which he is occupied, and have at that time no perception of any thing but what relates to that object. "These two causes united seem to them sufficient for explaining one of the most singular facts that occurred to their observation, to wit, how the young Devaud can write, although he has his eyes shut, and an obstacle before them. His paper is imprinted on his imagination, and every letter which he means to write, is also painted there, in the place in which it ought to stand on the paper, and without being confounded with the other letters; now it is clear that his hand, which is obedient to the will of his imagination, will trace them on the real paper, in the same order in which they are represented on that which is pictured in his head." This will only appear a satisfactory account of the matter, when we remember how much more accurately all muscular motions are performed in a state of somnambulism, than at other times: the mind is intent

but upon one thing, and does that perfectly, undisturbed either by any confusion from without, or by any confusion or complexity of ideas or endeavors within itself.

A great number of illustrations are given in the preceding cases of the performance of all kinds of acts during sleep, by the various authors from whom we have taken our instances; but no good purpose would be answered by further accumulation. In all the higher forms of somnambulism, the phenomena are very similar; there are the same doubtful indications as to the condition of the senses—the same consciousness with regard to the objects which form the basis of the particular train of thought,—the same insensibility to almost all others—the same forgetfulness of every thing on awaking, and the same remembrance during the next attack. These two latter characteristics indicate clearly a transition to another rare, yet well-recognized condition of the nervous system, in which the subject of it lives an entirely double life, knowing nothing in one of what has passed in the other; but at the beginning of each alternating state, taking up the thread of life where it had been left off on the previous occasion. Into this we cannot enter at present. Those who may be interested in the details, will find some reports of a most interesting character in Macnish's "Philosophy of Sleep."

We will now retrace briefly, the phenomena which we have met with, from profound sleep up to the highest power of somnambulism.

1. *Profound sleep*.—Entire unconsciousness.

2. *Dreaming*.—Modified consciousness, memory, fancy, and imagination awake; but wild, and rarely controlled by judgment or comparison.

3. *Acted dreams*.—All the former faculties awake to some extent—added to these, voluntary motion.

4. *Somnambulism*.—Rising from bed, visiting accustomed or unaccustomed scenes, and performing various mechanical acts. In this state the individual will perform the most dangerous feats, and the command of the muscular system is perfect.

5. *True sleep-vigil*.—In this state, in addition to the foregoing phenomena, many other mental acts are performed, judgment, comparison, synthesis, analysis, etc. The senses, closed to ordinary influences, are yet alive to

those objects which are in accord with the predominant train of thought. Here begins also double consciousness; the events of the sleep-vigil are forgotten in the waking hours, but remembered perfectly during the next paroxysm.

Somnambulism does not always or necessarily *begin* during sleep. Its connection with what we may call the *normal morbid* conditions is indicated by the identity of its symptoms, with those of certain morbid conditions of the nerves, well known to physicians, supervening as crises upon hysterical and other states. A condition analogous to somnambulism may also be produced artificially upon certain excitable constitutions, by the manipulations called mesmeric, and by Braid's hypnotic process. Upon neither of these varieties do our limits permit us to dwell; we merely indicate them in passing, trusting to the possibility of returning to the subject at some future time.

We have now to inquire what is the nature of somnambulism, and what the rationale of the singular nervous phenomena which we have passed in review—certainly, not less worthy of attention than those of spirit-writing, or spirit-drawing—phenomena also, which if susceptible of a natural explanation, would leave no insoluble mystery attached to *any* of the modern spiritual manifestations.

We may first notice that somnambulism is *not*, as has been frequently asserted and supposed, an intermediate condition between sleep and waking. Even in the slightest forms of the affection, it is true that many of the faculties enjoy a sort of activity. In the higher forms of somno-vigil, all or nearly all are in such a state, as might make it difficult sometimes to distinguish between these and their waking manifestations. But inasmuch as in all respects unaffected by the particular object of intellectual activity at the time the sleep appears to be more sound than usual, judging from the insensibility to all other impressions, and the difficulty with which the subject is awakened; inasmuch as he never passes naturally from that state to the waking one, but falls into an unnaturally deep sleep afterwards; inasmuch as there is a danger attached to interrupting this condition, which does not exist in natural sleep:—from all this we are bound to consider somnambulism as something more than a partial awakening, as something indeed quite opposed to it, and at

the same time distinct from an acted dream, however vivid. What then is it? A glance over the condition of the various functions may assist us in our analysis.

The muscular system is observed to be perfectly under the command of the will, often much more powerfully and accurately so than at other times. The senses are subject to great variety as to condition. The general sensibility or touch appears to be as much increased in energy and activity as the muscular system; probably much of the information usually obtained by the special senses is acquired through the increased sensibility of this, or some modification of it; not that we believe in any vision by the epigastrium, or other part of the surface; but that the general tact is as much developed as it is in blindness, and so supplies much information that would otherwise be derived from sight.

Most of the debatable phenomena are connected with vision. The eyes are sometimes closed, sometimes widely staring and fixed, sometimes agitated by a convulsive movement, the pupils widely dilated or extremely contracted, but in all conditions evidently unfit for ordinary vision—almost always insensible to any light experimentally thrown upon them. Yet objects are recognized without doubt; they are sought for and found, and errors are detected. Of the writing whilst an opaque object is held before the eyes we have already given some account. We find it partially confirmed by the testimony of almost the solitary recorded authority who could speak from personal experience. It is very rare that the somnambulist remembers what has occurred; but M. Willermay relates that when young he had some slight accessions of somnambulism, and that he seemed to perceive "*within his head*" that which he was writing without the help of his eyes.

The sense of hearing also presents singular anomalies. Some appear to hear the slightest noise, but misinterpret it; others are insensible to the loudest sounds that have no reference to their immediate pursuit, yet will hold rational conversation upon that. The smell and taste are also variable, but are not so easily experimented upon as to afford satisfactory results.

But what is the proximate cause of all these phenomena, of all this mimicry of waking life? What is the condition of the brain and mind during this state? We know

but little of the *physical* differences between the brain active and the brain at rest; but we know that differences do *potentially* exist; and that whilst the brain at rest (as in perfect sleep) is in a state of *indifference* to stimuli, the brain active responds to them by virtue of a state which may not inaptly be termed *polarity*. By *polarity* in general is understood a state of preparedness to respond to certain special stimuli or influences, and of indifference to all other objects. A bar of soft iron in its natural state is indifferent to the presence of a needle, etc.; but, brought into a magnetic condition by the presence of another magnet, or by a blow, or by electricity, or other exciting cause, it becomes possessed of *polarity*, and has certain specific relations to other masses of iron, which it had not before, whilst it remains utterly indifferent to other metals. In like manner, the charged conductor of an electric apparatus is *polar* to conducting media, but indifferent to all that class of bodies called *electrics* or non-conductors. And be it remarked in this case, that when the two elements of polarity are brought in contact, the specific phenomena are evolved, and *for the moment* the polarity terminates, to be again speedily renewed. Polarity likewise involves the idea of the accumulation of power in one part of the polar body, and a corresponding want of such power—or, what is equivalent to this, the presence of a counteracting power—in another part.

The polarity of organic bodies differs but little in essential nature from these. The eye is *polar* as to light, but indifferent to other stimuli. The ear is only polar to vibrations of sound; the organs of taste or smell respectively are only polar to their special stimuli; and the same is the case with regard to the general sensation of touch.

Now the brain in the performance of all its normal functions is in a state of polar tension, which tension is *resolved* for the moment by action, but is continually renewed by the organic processes perpetually in operation. And whilst thought or volition affects and disturbs these organic processes, these in their turn affect thought and volition. Duly considering these relations, we see a very natural explanation of the phenomena of dreaming and somnambulism.

An electric jar may, after charging, be perfectly discharged by the appropriate appa-

ratus, and brought into a state of complete equilibrium or indifference; yet very shortly, without any recharge, it will be found in a partially polar or recharged state; and it may require repeated processes before it is brought into a state of rest. In like manner, the brain, polar during the waking moments, is, on the accession of sleep, reduced to an equilibrium, or non-polar condition. But this does not last long—the organic processes which invariably accompany and renew polar tension are still in operation; and that tension is renewed, and hence ideas arise, and all the phenomena of dreaming.

But in the waking state any emotion of the mind has a tendency to produce some corresponding action of the body, though perhaps *slight*, being checked by reflection, or other causes. In those of irritable fibre, this is invariably the case, unless corrected by education. But in a powerfully abstracted state of the mind, when *all* external influences are cut off, the body *acts* the thought of the mind, with a certainty and precision which frequently enables the bystander to read the train of ideas accurately. And in dreaming, when the mind is absorbed utterly in one train of thought, it is but what we might expect to find the limbs dramatizing the pictures presented to the mind—the polarity both of quasi-perception and volition being aroused. Then we have the phenomena more or less marked, of somnambulism, with activity of *some* of the faculties; but in strict accordance with the requirements of a polar condition, this activity is purchased at the expense of a deeper slumber of these not so aroused—hence the difficulty of awaking the

somnambulist. Hence also arises, as we might expect, the very singular phenomenon of the utter indifference of the mind to all ideas and all influences from without, except such as are in strict relation with the particular class of ideas occupying the mind. In profound abstraction and reverie—conditions similar in nature to somnambulism, although arrived at by a converse process—we constantly observe this same indifference manifested; the student is absorbed in his problem, and hears nothing of the thunder, sees none of the lightning that plays around him; the most familiar voice, or the most unearthly sounds, fall alike unheeded upon his ear. No doubt these sights and sounds produce their usual physical impression upon the organs of sense; but the brain is not *polar* to them, and therefore perceives them not, any more than the somnambulist perceives any object which the limited range of awakened thought does not include.

With the somnambulist the mind awakes to one idea, and the pursuit of this is not impeded or disturbed by any others—all other faculties not necessary to the investigation of this are locked in a slumber more profound, in proportion to the lucidity of the awakened part of the intellect. It is not, therefore, surprising, that under these conditions, the mind should be, *for its object*, more acute and vigorous than when awake, or that tasks should be completed of the most abstruse character, which had baffled the waking energies. All distracting thoughts, all extraneous sources of error are withdrawn, and the mind, fully awake to this subject, is enabled to devote its concentrated energies to the task.

THOMAS HORSFIELD, M.D., died on the 24th of July, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. Dr. Horsfield was a citizen of America, a native of the State of Pennsylvania, and as his name implies, of Anglo-Saxon origin. In early life he repaired to the island of Java, where he passed sixteen years actively engaged in the pursuit of his life,—natural history,—to the advancement of every branch of which he eminently contributed. During his residence in Java he visited nearly every square mile, of that great, picturesque, and eminently fertile island. From Java he visited Banca, the richest tin deposit in the world, and the result of his visit was an account of the island, the fullest and the best extant. After the restoration of Java to the Dutch in

1816, Dr. Horsfield made a long sojourn in Sumatra, and there pursued his favorite studies. In 1818 he came to England, engaged in the English service, and to his death was keeper of the Indian Museum. In the course of his forty years' stay among us he published many valuable and esteemed works on natural history, the fruits of his long and zealous researches among the oriental islands. In private life Dr. Horsfield was a man of unblemished integrity, and of manners amiable and unobtrusive. A very numerous circle will mourn his loss, for among his friends are to be reckoned not only English of both sides of the Atlantic, but French, Dutch, and Germans, many of them distinguished men of science.—*Examiner*.

From The Spectator, 25 June.
AN AMERICAN LESSON TO EUROPEAN
DIPLOMACY.

AMONG the merits of American diplomacy is its frankness and the address publicly delivered by Mr. Reed, the American plenipotentiary in China, on his return, is a useful contribution, not only to what we hopefully regard as the rising custom of greater explicitness in diplomatic affairs, but also to a discussion of important questions in the ethics of diplomacy.* For the moment however we will notice it in reference only to two points—the degree to which diplomacy itself is strengthened by courting the support of public opinion, and the degree to which nations may fairly combine for the control of any one state.

Mr. Reed's speech comprises a distinct narrative of his whole proceedings, from the time when he first landed in China, to his final parting at Shanghai with the British plenipotentiary. He explains why the United States declined to enter into the Chinese war; partly, perhaps we may say principally, because the causes of war were not sufficient at least for any third power who had no direct grievance of its own; secondly, because the Chinese invoked the intervention of the neutral powers, America and Russia; but, thirdly, it must be confessed, because by some accident Lord Elgin did not receive until long after they were sent the communications which Mr. Reed had actually despatched to Lord Elgin. Mr. Reed treats the evasive shuffling of the Chinese with a charity more intelligible in an American than an Englishman; our cousins across the water being familiarized with a certain free and easy treatment of intercourse to which the more systematic administration of old Europe has not yet been tutored. We have our laxities, our slovenly habits, and our evasions, but they are more refined, certainly less glaring, than those of China, and the English undoubtedly felt tempted to chastize the lawless cruelty and shameless lying of the Chinese. Mr. Reed admits a thoroughly good understanding with Count Putiatine; while he hints a certain degree of coldness on the part of the French and English negotiators, one cause of which we have already mentioned. One point, however, is interesting. It seems that the French and English

* Speech of the Honorable William B. Reed, at the Board of Trade of Philadelphia, on Tuesday, 31st May, 1859.

plenipotentiaries might perhaps have exercised over the American, with all his stoical forbearance, a greater degree of influence than they knew; but *their* reserve was the ægis of *his* stoicism.

"And here, arraigned as I have occasionally and thoughtlessly been, for a want of fidelity to my co-operators (I have to use the word for want of a better), I must refer to a matter of interest, and which I confess in some of its relations is yet a mystery. In the Yamum of Yeh, in Canton, were found many important documents throwing much light on the past relations of the empire to foreigners. These were translated, and were in the hands of the Allies. Some of minor importance were shown to me. One, however, purporting to be the report made by the Commissioners who met Sir J. Bowring and Mr. McLane in 1854, and the Imperial comments or *rescripts*—a document of great and painful interest, as illustrating the habitual faithlessness of Chinese officials—was in the hands of the Allies during the whole of the difficulties at the Peiho, and was never shown to or seen by me. I never saw the document till three months afterwards at Shanghai, when all was over, and it had but a faint historical interest. I do not venture to affirm that this was purposely withheld. It may have been forgotten. It related largely to important American affairs. It would have enabled me in the difficult complication which arose, to regulate my conduct by a full and accurate knowledge of the whole truth. In one view, I am sincerely rejoiced that the inadvertence or intention to which I refer kept these documents from me. They were certainly the most painful revelations of the mendacity and treacherous habits of the high officials of this empire yet given to the world. They cannot be read without contemptuous resentment; and I have no such confidence in my equanimity and self-control as to determine what might have been my inclination before and after the fall of the Taku forts, had the contents of these papers been known to me. Nothing, of course, that the Chinese authorities, high or low, could say or write would have materially influenced my course of action under or without instructions, but had these papers been seen by me, I am quite sure the moderate confidence I had in their professions would have been lessened, and my conciliatory tendencies not a little embarrassed. If it be, as I think it was, a mistake on the part of the English and French Ministers, concealing or omitting to communicate these things, it was not without its good fruits in allowing my peaceful inclinations to have full scope. I do not at all regret what was done or omitted last summer, but I deprecate any criticism on

the course of the United States when, either intentionally or inconsiderately, information to which we were entitled in the friendly co-operation to which we supposed we were invited, was withheld."

The happy conclusion of all these proceedings is now a matter of history. We obtained from China even better terms than the Americans, the Russians, or the French; in truth, we obtained every thing we wanted,—always excepting some guarantee that the Chinese themselves will have the good faith or the power to observe the treaty. The Chinese, in fact, is a lower animal than the Caucasian, and all high influences demand in those over whom they are exercised a co-ordinate power of being influenced; for it is a great mistake to suppose that the capacity of governing is the only thing wanted in the world: there is also its precise co-relative and co-equivalent, the capacity to be governed; and it is a happy fact for the world that the freest and greatest countries are likely to produce the noblest and most powerful statesmen. But it may fairly be said, on the evidence of Mr. Reed's speech, concurrently with all that has come from Lord Elgin, that our best guarantee for the formation of something like an opinion in those remote and basely peopled regions is the concurrence of the Caucasian races who are gradually multiplying their numbers there. Now this concurrence can only be brought about by enabling the representatives of each nation which meets commercially in China to know what the rest are doing; not only in order that they may co-operate in specific actions, but, so to speak, that their knowledge of each other, their sympathies, their powers of calculating each other's action and accumulating each other's good will, may be permitted to grow up in the genial atmosphere of free intercourse and cordial open understanding.

Rightly considered, diplomacy is the art of employing the most refined perceptions and feelings by which the ruling powers of states are governed. In a semi-barbarous condition of the world, when power resides in castes, hierarchies, aristocracies, and other freemasonries, a certain secrecy in the agency passing between these sublime heads of states may be desirable; but in the civilized world of our day, when the most prosperous governments represent only the flower of intel-

lect and feeling springing from the body of the nation, diplomacy overreaches itself when it takes to secrecy. Into the European congress somewhat irregularly held in China, Mr. Reed imported a manner which combined prudence with spirit; and it is a satisfactory evidence to the progress of which we are speaking, that towards the last all the plenipotentiaries, especially the British and American, came to a far better understanding. In fact the force of personal character in such men as Lord Elgin and Mr. Reed is beginning to lay the foundation for that large diplomacy to which we have been pointing. Statesmen cannot be the narrow-minded diplomatists of the old school of which Metternich was the archetype; for true nobility and wisdom have their incapacities as well as their powers,—though in these fast times it is sometimes thought a weakness to confess to any sort of incapacity.

Mr. Reed's speech raises a still more important question which is especially interesting at the present moment—how far is it fit that many states should combine against one? He speaks peculiarly of a combination by very strong states against one very weak state; but the question is capable of a much larger application. If indeed the whole civilized world could agree to the general laws by which its feelings, convictions, and interests, led it to be governed,—if it could appoint proper authorities to enact and proclaim those laws, and proper officers to enforce them,—then we might have such combinations as were burlesqued in the Holy Alliance, and were invited by the Western Powers in the Chinese case. But we have not yet arrived at that stage in the world's progress. The law, such as it is, which governs us internationally resides in the commentaries of distinguished individuals, in the decisions of eminent judges, in the practices and customs that happen to have been adopted by all countries, and in the chance that each country of the world may, if it so pleases, on each occasion obey these indications of what *should* be the law. All this is very loose; but possibly it is better than any precise law which might be enacted by a Congress appointed *ad hoc*. Could we obtain any such permanent conference of the civilized states, we might be justly afraid that its first proceedings would be ruled by a spirit of priggishness, or else by the

"old established" laws which have become exploded commonplaces. We must wait many years, perhaps generations,—it may be bold in these days of progress to say centuries,—before we can see any thing like an international legislature, with its code, and its tribunal of appeal and enforcement.

What, then, is the best substitute for that unobtainable jurisdiction? The question is the more urgent, since already we are dissatisfied with the existing state and administration of international law, and have also arrived at a time when mere authority can scarcely sustain itself against the boldness of public questioning. It would be very desirable, if the "public opinion" of the most influential states, in the want of a more specific legislature, could determine what henceforward is to be the relation of states in this behalf; and it appears to us that the essential and urgently needed principles are not obscure nor complicated. The first paramount want which every state acknowledges, in order to the development of its own genius, the due working of its own administration, and the progressive improvement of its own laws, is national independence; but that which is the most essential for each one state becomes, in order that it may deserve it, the duty of that state to assist in securing for others. If I desire to be free, I must deserve to be free; and if I would be free myself, I must defend the freedom of my neighbor. I must be ready to stand by him whenever that freedom is menaced, to aid in restraining him whenever he invades the freedom of another neighbor. We need scarcely point to the application of this principle to the conflict now raging in Europe,—to the brilliant light which it casts on the claims of Italy, to the sentence of condemnation which it pronounces upon any revival of that international institution, the Holy Alliance.

The second international duty, quite as simple, flows directly from this first—it is the observance of thorough good faith and of honest frankness with other states, our neigh-

bors—open diplomacy. We do not indeed mean that in no case should there be any confidential communications. Such things happen in families, happen between individuals in all relations of life, and may well happen between states. But we do mean, that in the main, when one state is about to do any thing which concerns the welfare, moral or material, of another state, it is bound to make that state cognizant of what it proposes to do, and of the grounds of its action. Here again America furnishes us at once with the example of the duty and of its advantageous effect. There is no denying that in many recent transactions the practice of the Americans, in the open conduct of their diplomacy, has not only secured for them an advantage which older states have more or less lost in the comparison, but has begun to have its effect in extorting a like promptitude of disclosure from older states, however stiffly they might resist the process at first. We might even pick out the converse example from the records of America, and show that where *her* diplomatists have swerved from this straightforward and open course, they have in like manner lost the opportunity to exercise power and influence. But the instances would be far more numerous and more profitable, taken from the records of states older in the world.

Could we fairly establish an international system under which all states would in the first instance become bail for the national freedom of other states, and in the second instance cultivate the most direct and open explanations all round, we should have the first instalment of an international law which would protect the growth of each, and therefore of the whole. Let every country stand free from crowned conspiracies against it, and it must develop the largest proportion of knowledge, justice, and art, which it can produce; and then the Congress of the whole would indeed be able to consult, and perchance to legislate with something like wisdom and understanding for the whole.

From The Saturday Review.

HOLIDAY WALKING-TOURS.

THERE are few pleasures which are either so wholesome or so innocent as that of travelling, and we know of no method by which it may be so easily invested with the slight tincture of adventure and excitement, which is almost indispensable to the full enjoyment of any pleasure whatever, as that of recurring to the primitive mode of travelling on foot. Walking tours have become so fashionable of late that they need no advocacy from us, or indeed from any one else; and we cannot but think that few modern customs have given so large an amount of pleasure—to say nothing of obvious solid advantages—to that large class of persons who, with no pretensions to any particular athletic excellence, have a strong taste for bodily exercise and but limited opportunities for gratifying it. Field sports have already become the exclusive property of a few, and are clearly passing into a smaller number of hands, and receiving refinements which, if they increase the intensity, diminish the area of the pleasure they afford. Games like cricket are accessible to but few persons under special circumstances; but the railways have put it in the power of every one who can command a week's leisure, a very few pounds sterling, and a very moderate amount of activity, to refresh his mind and body by exploring in the healthiest and simplest manner some of the most exquisite beauties which nature has to show. Common favor is perhaps as good a proof of the inherent pleasantness of any amusement as it is possible to give, but it may be added that some of our most popular literature bears very cogent evidence in favor of journeys on foot. There are no more picturesque or pleasant pages in Smollet, Fielding, or Goldsmith than those which are devoted to describing Roderick Random's journey from Scotland to London, Tom Jones' wanderings with Partridge, and young Primrose's perambulation of Europe in search of whatever fortune might have in store for him. A very great proportion of the charm of Walton's *Angler* lies in the degree in which it is pervaded by the same spirit—a spirit reproduced with infinite vivacity and raciness in the strange medleys which Mr. Borrow occasionally publishes about his early life.

Much, no doubt, of that which gives their special charm to such stories as these is out

of the reach of the ordinary holiday maker. Some part of it has probably been put out of the reach of any one by the lapse of time and the changes which have taken place in society. A man who leaves his business for a week with no anxiety about paying his way, and without the prospect of leaving behind him, even for a single day, the Post Office and the Electric Telegraph, must have a singularly lively imagination if he can realize the feelings of one of the adventurers of the eighteenth century novels, with the world before him where to choose, and no means of making the choice except those with which casual acquaintances or connections supply him. Apart from this, it cannot be doubted that, since travelling for pleasure has become so common and so well understood an amusement, it has put on, like other things, a business-like aspect, and has lost most of the charms that are due to irregularity. If a man really wishes to learn any thing from an ordinary journey through any part of England, as to the character or habits of the population, he will have to expend much trouble and ingenuity on the inquiry, and will have occasion to bring into play a set of qualities which are not very common, and which are not exercised without a good deal of trouble. But though little of much practical value can be learned from walking tours, they may readily be made the means of acquiring what, if not very important, is certainly not very common—an acquaintance with the general appearance of the country in which we live, and an intelligent appreciation of the exquisite and varied beauty of much of the scenery which it contains. The hasty glances which most of us get from railway trains at the country through which they pass, and the impressions derived from driving or walking along highroads from town to town, do grievous injustice to the beauty of England; for, as there are faces which at first sight look commonplace, but which, as we learn to know them, show intelligence, expression, and feeling in every feature, every line, and every change of countenance, so there are countries which must be studied before they can be appreciated. No one can miss the splendor of a mountain range, a waterfall, or a river like the Rhine; but it would be easy to travel from Dover to Berwick, and from Berwick to Falmouth, without discovering the beauties which lie hid in almost every part of England. To make good

our words, we will take a single illustration in the country which intervenes between Taunton and Bideford, and we will fearlessly assert that between these two towns an excursion may be made through scenery as varied, as lovely, and as well suited to the real tastes and instincts of the vast majority of Englishmen, as could be found in any other part of Europe.

Taunton, a sort of model of an old-fashioned English country town, lies about half-way between two parallel ranges of hills which run inland from the Bristol Channel in a south-easterly direction. The eastern and northern range are the Quantocks. They may be ten or twelve miles in length, and, though they do not rise to any very considerable elevation, are quite high enough to afford a splendid view to the north and to the south, over meadows and orchards, woodlands and parks. In one direction they slope downwards into the rich Somersetshire low country, which is now one of the many gardens of England, though it was the scene of the last battle fought on English ground; whilst on the other they descend through scenery somewhat less rich and varied to the dusky waters of the Bristol Channel. The top and the greater part of the sides of the Quantock hills are covered by heaths, which, though not less open or natural, are infinitely less savage than those of Scotland and England north of the Trent. It is indeed a curious thing to see how many varieties of detail are to be found in scenery of substantially the same character. A Derbyshire moor, with its irregular hollows, numerous bogs, and deep deposits of black, peaty earth, is thoroughly unlike the moors of the South and West, and convey to the mind a totally different impression. There are few bogs on the Quantocks, and the heath is so much intermixed with soft turf and elastic moss, as beautiful in its general outline as in its minute details, that in their ultimate effect they resemble the Surrey commons rather than the barer and harsher moorlands of the North. There can be few sights more lovely than this range of hills affords on a fine day in spring. They are in themselves full of health, repose, and freshness to any one who has been long condemned to the close air and crowded streets of London, and every half-mile of their gentle undulations discloses to those who traverse them a new landscape on the right, the left, or in front.

The only blemish which the most fastidious criticism could suggest is to be found in the dirtiness of the sea towards which they run. The muddiness of the waters of the Bristol Channel is such as to suggest the notion that the counties drained by the Severn and the Wye must either have some specific tendency to decay, or a superabundance of dirt, which must distinguish them most unfavorably from the rest of England. At Watchet and Minehead the Channel is as brown as the Thames at Putney, and even at Linton its blue is variegated by frequent patches of the same unlovely color. We cannot take leave of the Quantocks without bearing emphatic testimony to the truth of Thelwall's well-known remarks upon them to Coleridge:—"What a fine place this would be, Brother Thelwall, to talk treason in," said the poet. "Nay, Brother Coleridge," was the answer, "it is a place to make one forget that treason is necessary at all." There is no place to nourish a healthy political optimism like an open hill, a blue sky, and one of those rich and varied views which, if not peculiar to England, are at least most characteristic of it.

The North coast of Somerset and Devon derives much of its peculiar character from the fact that the hills run at right angles to the sea, and not parallel to it, as is the case with the range of chalk downs which, with a few interruptions, may be traced from Dover to Cornwall. The consequence of this is, that at intervals of a few miles throughout a great length of coast, changes occur in the character of the scenery of a most interesting and unexpected kind. Thus, for example, a few miles to the west of Quantock Head, lies the town of Minehead, under the shelter of a huge down called the North Hill, which forms the eastern side of Porlock Bay, and is, no doubt, well known to such of our readers as have undergone the *peine forte et dure* of passing a stormy day in one of the steamers which ply between Bristol and Cornwall. The interval between the hills—not more than seven or eight miles in breadth—affords two distinct specimens of scenery of totally different kinds. The cliffs for the first three or four miles slope steeply to the sea, though, on account of their height, the slope covers a great deal of ground. This space, which probably occupies many hundred acres, is entirely covered by dense underwood (principally oak), just high enough to give a certain

mystery to the view, and just dense enough to give a certain pleasurable exercise to the faculty of path-finding, but neither high nor dense enough to prevent those who traverse it from enjoying all the beauty that lies in woods just bursting into leaf under the influence of spring on the one hand, and in rich fields, hedgerows such as no other country could afford to leave untouched, and hedgerow timber which would give beauty to the tamest landscape, on the other. As soon as the woods and cliffs have lost the charm of novelty, the scene changes to what we do not often see in these days of improvement—desolate sand-hills leading down to a shallow sea, which leaves bare miles of sandy mud at low water, and a huge marsh four or five miles long and two or three broad, intersected by shallow channels of brackish water, and tenanted by plovers, gulls, and other waterfowl of less familiar forms. There is something in the rich green of the grass, the wide, open space, the dead water, the strange birds, and the total solitude of such scenes, which is as pleasant as it is uncommon. Our only considerable living poet has felt the charm strongly, and expressed it with that voluptuous simplicity which distinguishes him so curiously from every other master of the English language. He might well have found within a mile or two of Minehead scenes to suit the descriptions in his *Ode to Memory* of—

“The sand-built hills that ridge the sea,
O'er blown with murmurs harsh,
Or e'en some cottage whence we see
Stretch wide and wild the waste enormous
marsh;

Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky.”

Between Minehead and Linton the country is not less varied or less beautiful. The North Hill, to which we have already referred, is a sort of outrider to Exmoor, and shares in the character of that district. It is an isolated mass, perhaps a thousand feet high and several miles in length—the last of several similar masses which may be observed from its summit, and which stretch away in parallel ridges one behind the other along the border between Devonshire and Somersetshire. The road from Porlock to Linton passes for many miles over part of this district, but it may be varied either by following the cliffs, which are clothed by a long succession of hanging woods, or by descending from the moor into

the valley of the Lyn—a regular Highland glen, recalling, with greater force than is usual in the scenery of the South of England, the cliffs, the rapids, and the underwood which are associated in the minds of most of us with Scotch streams. The Lyn falls into the sea at Lynmouth, which lies under a steep but singularly beautiful hill, on which stands the rising watering-place of Linton—a place where more beauty is concentrated in a very small space than any other spot which we could name.

From Linton to Ilfracombe the country is less wild, and on a smaller scale than the tract which we have described; but a series of bold hills, terminating in rugged cliffs of slate, succeed each other all along the coast, and give a wilder appearance to the district than it would otherwise have. These cliffs form a succession of little bays and coves, frequently pierced with caves, and uniformly adorned with creepers, brushwood, and parasitical plants of various kinds, which ornament the detached masses of splintered rock by which the line of the cliffs is broken in a manner that lends an indescribable grace to what would otherwise be a somewhat savage landscape. Several of the more prominent of these hills command a view for many miles along the coast, which, in its combination of rocks, turf, and blue water—for the channel is here both deeper and clearer than at Watchet or Minehead—is as beautiful as any thing in England. The most striking of these points of view are Hangman's Hill, close by Comb Martin, famous for its lead and silver mines; Hillsborough, a mile from Ilfracombe; and Mort Point, a rocky headland which forms the extremity of Mort Bay—the northern and eastern division of a much larger bay into which the Torridge and the Taw discharge themselves through the same mouth, and which is bounded at a considerable distance to the south and west by Hartland Point. Mort Point and Mort Bay take their ominous names from the number of wrecks which they annually witness. In stormy weather they must be as good positions for observing storms as are to be found on the whole of the English coast, for the entire weight and force of the Atlantic Ocean beats full upon them. Except that the cliffs are on a larger scale, the Land's End itself has hardly a more desolate appearance.

Beyond Mort Bay a new feature introduces itself into the scenery. It consists of long

stretches of sand, exquisitely firm, and only inferior for walking purposes to that luxurious turf of the South Downs which combines the firmness of a road with the elasticity of a spring-board. The southern extremities both of Mort Bay and of Hartland Bay are thus characterized. The sands in the latter are probably little less than five miles long and two miles in width, and they are bordered by a desolate tract of sandy hillocks, called Braunton Burrows, resembling on a small

scale the Dunes which stretch along the coast of Picardy into Belgium. It is through these sands that the Taw and the Torridge find their way to the sea, and the town of Bideford, well known to all readers of *Westward Ho!* lies two or three miles further up the course of the last-mentioned stream.

For the present it must be our Brundisium—

“Longæ finis chartæque viæque.”

A contemporary says, “The original book of the four Evangelists, upon which all our Kings, from Henry I. to Edward VI., took the coronation oath, is now in the library of a maiden lady in Eaton Square. It is in manuscript, and written on vellum, the form and beauty of the letters nearly approaching to Roman capitals. It appears to have been written and prepared for the coronation of the first-named monarch. The original binding, which is still in a perfect state, consists of two oaken boards, nearly an inch thick, fastened together with stout thongs of leather, and the corners defended by large bosses of brass. On the right side (as the book is opened) of the outer cover is a crucifix of brass, double gilt, which was kissed by the Kings upon their inauguration; and the whole is fastened together by a strong clasp of brass, fixed to a broad piece of leather, nailed on with two large brass pins. Surely this national curiosity ought to be deposited in the British Museum.”

USES OF PAPER IN JAPAN.—It was wonderful to see the thousand useful as well as ornamental purposes to which paper was applicable in the hands of these industrious and tasteful people. Our papier-mache manufacturers, as well as the Continental ones, should go to Yedo to learn what can be done with paper. We saw it made into material so closely resembling Russian and Morocco leather and pigskin that it was very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacker-varnish and skilful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar cases, saddles, telescope cases, the frames of microscopes; and we even saw and used excellent water-proof coats made of simple paper, which *did* keep out the rain, and were as supple as the best Macintosh.

The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels nor dusters; paper in their hands serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellow color, very plentiful, and very cheap. The inner walls of many a Japanese apartment are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent de-

scription of the same material; it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly every thing in a Japanese household, and we saw what seemed balls of twine, which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shop-keeper had a parcel to tie up, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose, and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string used at home. In short, without paper all Japan would come to a dead-lock; and, indeed, lest by the arbitrary exercise of his authority a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage Japanese mothers-in-law invariably stipulate, in the marriage settlement, that the bride is to have allowed her a certain quantity of paper!—*Capt. Osborn's Cruise in Japanese Waters.*

Secret History of the Austrian Government and of its Systematic Persecutions of Protestants. Compiled from Official Documents. By Alfred Michiels.

M. ALFRED MICHIELS, the well-known historian of the fine arts and literature, descending, as he says, like the Florentine, to commune with the Inferno, has written the *Secret History of the Austrian Government*, and of its systematic persecutions of Protestants. The work is founded on official documents, and chiefly on those made public by Hormayr after he had quitted Vienna, where he had been for five-and-twenty years director of Imperial Archives; by Dr. Vehse, Archivist of the Kingdom of Saxony; and by some clumsy panegyrists of the Habsburgs, who were foolish enough to cite certain documents believing that their own worthless glosses would suffice to neutralize the damnable effect of the evidence thus brought to light. From such sources M. Michiels asserts that he has drawn a really secret history; for it has been the practice of the Austrian Government to print fraudulent documents for the purposes of deception, and to allow no historian to obtain a sight of the real documents. Hormayr compares the official annals of Austria to a manufacture of base coin.

From The Critic.

THE JEWS IN THE EAST.

The Jews in the East. By the Rev. P. Beaton, M.A. Translated from the German of Dr. Frankl. London: Hurst and Blackett. 2 vols. Pp. 742.

THOSE who take any interest in the present condition of the Jews in the Turkish dominions, and especially those whose pockets suffer to maintain that condition in certain quarters, ought to feel deeply indebted to the Rev. P. Beaton, Chaplain to the Forces, for his excellent translation of Dr. Frankl's truthful and interesting account of his journeyings in 1856. It was in March of that year that the worthy Doctor left Trieste for the purpose of investigating the matter, and the result may be summed up in the gross by briefly stating that he found the condition to be deplorable. In the Ionian Islands, he found that the Jewish children were mocked at in the schools, and that girls were altogether excluded. We cannot forbear turning aside for a moment from the main subject of the book to quote a brief account of Dr. Treiber, the physician who attended Byron in his last illness, and whom Dr. Frankl met at Athens:—

"One evening, Dr. Treiber, the principal medical officer of the military staff, was seated beside me in the Casino. While I felt a natural attraction to this man from his prepossessing appearance, I felt a special interest in his conversation for another reason. He was the physician of the noblest man that took part in the Greek contest; he closed the eyes of the dying Byron. Byron had no confidence in his young Italian physician, who wished to open a vein; and this was actually done by an English physician on the fourth day of his fatal illness, but it was too late. On the sixth day Dr. Treiber was invited to a consultation. Byron was still perfectly conscious. 'Examine me,' he said, 'as much as you choose, but do not ask me many questions.' When, on the seventh day, the poet's last hour was come, none were with him but Dr. Treiber and Dr. Mayer, a physician from Basle. The wish expressed by the poet in the last piece he ever wrote was accomplished; his weary heart was at rest. Dr. Treiber said, 'let each close an eye.' This was done with great emotion and grief, for they knew that one of the lights of the world was extinguished. When the body was examined, it was found that all the organs were perfectly sound; Byron might have lived a long life. The forehead was remarkably developed, and it is particularly deserving of notice that Byron's brain and that of Napo-

leon, the man whom he most detested, are the heaviest that have ever been weighed."

It was at Athens also that Dr. Frankl met with the celebrated maid of Athens—*quantum mutata!*

"We met a tawdrily dressed woman, with a peculiar air which faded beauty assumes when it still wishes to attract admiration. The woman looked at us with her large, black, wild-looking eyes; her hair was gray, and carelessly arranged; a smile, which may once have been pleasant, played about her mouth. My companion said, 'That is Byron's celebrated Maid of Athens. He made her acquaintance during his first visit to Greece, and money is all powerful.'"

From Greece Dr. Frankl proceeded to Anatolia, and thence to Constantinople. Of this city he says, wisely, that to see it to advantage you should be content to sail past it: "All the splendour and magnificence vanishes at the moment you leave the ship and enter the narrow, dirty lanes." It was in the Golden City that the traveller was present at the Feast of the Passover as kept at the house of Mr. Camondo, the richest Jew in the East, who is called also, "the Rothschild of the East:—"

"A long table was covered with valuable silver flower-vases, with sparkling cups of gold, and heavy plate and vessels of the same metal. A lofty centre dish contained the three kinds of passover bread, and over it hung a cover of green damask, richly embroidered with gold. All this rich display of gold and silver was lighted up with a hundred tapers. Four generations were seated at table; the patriarch of the house, clothed in silks of different colors, occupied a throne furnished with cushions of purple and gold. On his right were his sons; on his left, three daughters; opposite to him sat a goodly number of grandchildren, and a little great-granddaughter, ten years of age, asked with her childish voice the well-known question: 'Why is this night different from all other nights?' On which the great-grandfather sang or recited with a peculiar intonation: 'Because we were slaves in the land of the Pharaohs, and God has led us with a strong hand to the land of liberty.' In one corner of the large room, the floor of which was covered with the richest carpets, was seated the mother of these children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, apart from the rest, on a splendid divan. She wore wide trousers of red satin, and a short white silk petticoat over them; on her feet were yellow slippers; round her waist was a shaded silk girdle; the

upper part of her body was covered with a green satin tunic, with wide sleeves, and richly embroidered in gold. But her head-dress was the most valuable part of her costume; a white silk shawl was gracefully wound round a red fez, and adorned with pearls and precious stones of different colors. The old lady has been blind for some years, and was not seated at table, as she required special attention. During the wonderful story of the land of Mizraim, which begins so mournfully and ends with shouts of triumph reaching to heaven, and with song of victory, the lady bowed her pale, intelligent face, and moved it gently from side to side, and the precious stones on her head sparkled and glittered like thousands of dewdrops shining in a rainbow. When the last longing verse was sung, 'In future years we shall be in Jerusalem,' I felt a movement of joy at the thought that this blessing should be mine this year, in a few weeks. Behind the table was the entrance to another room, covered with still more valuable carpets, where chibouques were prepared for the ladies and gentlemen; each of these was richly tipped with amber, and surrounded with sparkling diamonds."

Dr. Frankl describes an interview with Omar Pacha, whom he portrays with great minuteness, and who seemed to take much interest in the movements of the Jews in Jerusalem. He also gives a detailed account of the number and *status* of the Jews in Constantinople, in which city alone they number 38,400. There is an interesting chapter at this part of the book, giving an interesting account of many superstitions and customs of the Turkish Jews.

From Constantinople Dr. Frankl went to Smyrna, and thence by Samos, Cos, Rhodes, and Paphos, to Larneca, when a visit was paid to the Jewish community of Canea. On to Beyrout and to Lebanon, with the prince of which mountain he had an interesting interview. At Damascus, Dr. Frankl was not above picking up a bit of "scog" concerning a lady who supplied some talk for the tea-tables of England some years ago:—

"It happened that an Arab, who was present, directed the conversation to an eccentric lady, who created a great sensation some years ago, and who is now living at Damascus. Lady Ellenborough, being compromised by her intrigue with an Austrian diplomatist, among many other lands, travelled through Germany, Italy, and Greece, where she married Count Theodaki. She soon separated from him and went to the East. After being robbed by the Bedouins, in the neighborhood

of the Euphrates, she became enamored of the Sheik, and Lady Digby, as she called herself again, married him. The Anisi Bedouin Midschuel, her husband, left wife and children on the banks of the Euphrates, and the young man accompanied his elderly wife, now about fifty-five years of age, to Damascus. The fair-haired spouse of the Bedouin, who possesses an annual revenue of 15,000 dollars at least, bought a handsome house and garden in one of the suburbs of Damascus, where she is surrounded with all the comforts of Europe, keeps a large establishment of servants, and a splendid stud, rides, hunts, and reads; while her husband, who, since his marriage, possesses but little influence among his tribe, occasionally conducts travellers to Palmyra, so as to gain a little money for himself. The wife of the Sheik has learned his language, and lives happy with this son of the desert."

While at Damascus he was invited to take part in a feast given in honor of Baron Alphonso von Rothschild, who had just arrived from Jerusalem; and the description of the beautiful dresses of the ladies, the jewels, and the luxuriant fare, leads us to suspect that the persecutions to which the Jews are subjected in the East are alleviated by no small amount of social comfort. It was on this occasion that the worthy Doctor was guilty of an innovation which had never before been attempted in a country where the orthodox belief is that women have no souls; he drank the health of "The Ladies." With what success, however, from the immediate objects of the toast, let him tell for himself:—

"It was regarded as an innovation from a new and more audacious world, when I replied, on my health being drunk, by another toast, which the clever Secretary of the Austrian Consulate translated into that *patois* of broken Spanish which alone is spoken by the ladies of Damascus: 'From my childhood I have been accustomed to hear of the roses of Damascus; they are celebrated in the West, and known by the enchanting fragrance of the attar of roses. But on my arrival here, after crossing the ocean and many lands, I find that they have lost all their attractions for me, since I have seen the ladies of Damascus, and such a charming circle of them around me; on my return home, I will speak only of the fair roses of Damascus.' For a moment there was a deep calm, like that which precedes a storm at sea. Then the ladies began to knock on the table, with the handles of their knives and forks, with such violence, that many of them broke with a clink. When this storm had ceased, they began to express

their astonishment to one another, by the slight smacking of the tongue, by which the Italians and the Jews of Europe express their admiration. After this they shook their heads in admiration, so that it seemed as if countless streaks of lightning were flashing from their headdresses—red, green, white, yellow sparks and rays of diamonds."

But when the reader hears how this piece of gallantry was rewarded, he may be possibly not inclined to be very envious of the *bonne fortune* of Dr. Frankl:—

"At given signal all the ladies stood up; each one stuck a fork into a sweetmeat, and advancing solemnly with the fork extended like a sceptre, handed me the sweetmeats, one after another. I did not dare return the fork without having partaken of the sweetmeat, as I should thus have failed duly to appreciate this extraordinary attention. My sense of taste thus suffered great violence, and I was afraid that worse consequences might ensue. The ladies accompanied this distribution of sweets with such expressions as 'May it agree with you, sir,' or, 'May God bless the morsel to you.'"

From Damascus, by Baalbec, to Tripoli, and so back to Beyrout, before starting by steamer for Palestine, landing at Jaffa; and now the traveller is in the Holy Land. It is at Jaffa that Sir Moses Montefiore has gardens, bought for £10,000, where he employs twenty Jewish laborers. From this part he proceeded on horseback to Jerusalem.

The Holy City has been described so often that we must be excused from following Dr. Frankl very closely in his peregrinations about its sacred spots. In one respect, however, his account differs very materially from those which have generally reached us; for whereas these are generally written by Christians whose attention is occupied principally with the localities sanctified, or said to have been sanctified, by the presence of the Saviour, the Doctor, being a Jew, pays exclusive attention to spots of Old Testament notoriety. Standing on one of his own holy places, what wonder if the soul of the Jew, filled with the memories of his great history and of his venerable religion, became filled with a pious and almost poetical *afflatus*!

"Meanwhile, I had been seized with a strange feeling of uneasiness. On my right was a lofty bow-window, commanding a view of localities which were covered with cupolas, arches, pillars, niches, ruins, porches, and gigantic cypress-trees. It was the platform

of Mount Moriah, and the ever-sacred place where the temple of Jehovah stood. I was so overpowered with excitement and sorrow, that I only seemed to listen to the conversation. The Consul, on observing this, asked what was the matter. I explained to him the cause of my emotion, and asked the Pasha to allow me to gaze upon the scene for a little. —'Look at it as long as you like,' was his answer; 'and if you wish to descend, my armed retainers shall accompany you.' I rose from my seat, and gazed upon the wonderful scene. There are moments in our existence, when the past and the future are blended into one—when the mind realizes all that is separated by time and space is actually present, and is borne along on the unfettered wing of fancy as in a waking dream. The soul floats on an ocean of sensations, in the midst of which may be discerned the dark outline of mighty thoughts. We are swept away, as it were, by the flood of joy and of sorrow, that seizes upon us. All that had been done in past generations and centuries passed in review before me; I saw a father preparing to offer up his own son as a sacrifice; I saw the pillar of fire marching through the wilderness, and the mountain of thunder with its flames; I stood as a listener in the temple of Jehovah; I heard the royal bard of Israel strike the harp inspired of God. A countless multitude was thronging in the court of the Temple, and the High Priest, in his white robes, brought forth the sacrifice of the atonement. I witnessed apostacy and treason against God, and weak kings rising in rebellion, and devouring flames licking the beams of cedar in Jehovah's temple! The anger of the Lord burst forth and brought all to destruction, and it has not yet ceased to pour down darkness and misery on His chosen people."

In other respects, too, his narrative differs from that of most other travellers; and in none more so than when he speaks of the Jewish society in Jerusalem, with which his position gave him peculiar opportunities to become acquainted. The accounts which he gives of the resident Jews and of the Rabbis are not very inviting. These last discourage agriculture among the Jews; for the simple reason that if the rich European Jews, instead of sending alms, were to buy estates and employ laborers, it would stop the stream of gold which now falls through their hands. And again:—

"When Sir Moses Montefiore proposed to establish a soup-kitchen, they stoutly resisted, candidly stating as one of their objections: 'Why, the poor would be running there and

eating, and we should receive less money.' And where are our schools? There is not a single one in the whole of the Holy City."

Our space will not permit us even to summarize the interesting information which Dr. Frankl communicates respecting the proceedings of the Jews in Jerusalem. One or two facts, however, may be worth notice. The entire Jewish population of Jerusalem is five thousand souls, or one-third of the whole population. The laws and customs of the community will be found fully set forth in the pages of Dr. Frankl, but can only be alluded to here. This community is supported in various ways, but for the most part by the alms and contributions of those pious Jews throughout Europe who regard the partial colonization of Jerusalem as a step towards that return to which the more enthusiastic of them look forward with such eagerness. How far this enthusiasm is really felt it is not for us to determine; but we cannot help thinking that although it may possibly exist in the bosoms of a few, those who give the largest sums would not be the first to head the emigration. Surely it needs something more than an ordinary effort to exchange Piccadilly and the green glades of Mentmore for the arid hills of Judea or even for the shadows of Olivet!

Some of the Jews residing in the Holy City, though they are ready enough to accept alms from their European brethren, amass money and are no more above a little sharp practice than are their brethren in Holywell-street. "Dog ought not to eat dog" is a proverb; but here is a veritable anecdote, told by Dr. Frankl himself, tending to prove that Jew does not despise good Jew for his food:—

"Sir Moses Montefiore brought with him in wooden barrels dollars in specie, and resolved, with his usual kindness of disposition, to give with his own hand a dollar to every poor person. It took many hours before his task was done and the miserable exhibition of poverty concluded. It so happened that the noble distributor, forgetful of himself, gave away the sum which he required to pay his travelling expenses home. He was obliged to borrow money. A man was soon found, who expressed his readiness to oblige him—for a consideration—and supplied him with the necessary sum, the amount of which was considerable, in specie. And yet this man, the previous day, seemed to be the neediest

of the needy, and had received a silver dollar from the hand of the benefactor of Palestine."

If the truth must be spoken, a selfish desire to profit by the beneficence of their European brethren, and to pervert charity to their own gain, seems to be the ruling passion with the leading Jews of Jerusalem:—

"An institution for advancing money as loans was also founded by Mr. Albert Cohen, and endowed by the Rothschild family with 100,000 piastres. Mr. Isaac Alteras, one of the Sephardim, and an Austrian subject, being intrusted with the management of it, lent 40,000 piastres to the presidents of the Sephardim. All of them regarded the money not as a means of benefiting others by advancing loans without interest, but as a means of benefiting themselves by lending it out at usury. One half of the money thus advanced with the best intentions was lost, notwithstanding repeated efforts on the part of the Austrian Consul to recover it."

The tendency of Dr. Frankl's observations is manifestly to point out the cultivation of the land as the best means of ameliorating the condition of the Jews of Jerusalem. This would not suit the purpose of the Rabbis; but to show how far it would be possible we will take the case of Don Jose Perez, an industrious and enterprising Jew, who has actually succeeded in cultivating potatoes on Mount Zion:—

"After walking for about twenty minutes, with the valley of Hermon below on our right, we reached the gate of Zion, passed through its lofty portal, and, descending, crossed over some desolate heaps of ruins, till we came to the small gate of a garden enclosed with a wall. Don Perez gave us the most friendly welcome. I saluted him with the words, 'I am delighted to find myself in the house of an heir to the property of King David.' As he would not accept the hand which I held out to him, because his own was dirty with digging in the soil, I grasped it, warmly: 'It is a pleasure to me to press a hand hardened with honest toil.' He led us through garden-beds, carefully kept, to a plain stone house, which stands on the uneven summit of the hill. Cucumbers and melons, flowers and potatoes, were blossoming and bearing fruit, and one of the only five palm-trees that are to be seen in Jerusalem was towering over the depths below. It rose like King Saul, 'from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people.' Don Perez broke off some of the leaves of the palm-tree and gathered some of the flowers in his garden, and gave them to me as a *souvenir*

of Mount Zion, and also a bottle of valuable oil, which he had pressed from a rhyncius planted by himself, as a gift 'for the noble foundress of a school in Jerusalem.' He lamented that the Jews were not placed in a position to enable them to cultivate the soil of the Holy Land, which would reward them a hundred-fold. 'Why,' he asked, 'does Europe send sum after sum to be swallowed up in an abyss? The land might become again as it was before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zoar.'

Dr. Frankl finely observes that there is something infinitely moving and poetically beautiful in the description of the object of a Jew's journey written on his passport—"In order to die at Jerusalem." There is, indeed, something not only touching but sublime in this fidelity to a trust based in the belief of ages; but let us ask Dr. Frankl himself how many of the bearers of that passport are animated with any religious faith at all? His own story tells of cunning, of avarice, of hypocrisy, and laziness: very much of the huckster and very little of the martyr. To use his own words, the majority, "destitute of

knowledge and of the poetical feeling which always attracted their ancestors and forefathers to this place, they are nothing else but idle vagabonds, in whom every sentiment of honor has been extinguished by the reception of alms." These alms, like most alms when given wholesale and without discretion, tend to nothing but the encouragement of laziness and the enriching of those who undertake their immediate distribution. It is time that these truths were known among those Jews who are the unconscious means of perpetuating this unsatisfactory state of things; and if Dr. Frankl's book have the effect of causing them to inquire more narrowly into the destination and distribution of the money which they contribute, it will not have been written in vain. Sound and sensible is his advice to his brother Jews respecting the lazzaroni of Jerusalem: 'Give them work that they may learn to work; buy them lands, which they may possess here though they cannot do so at home, that they may earn their bread as God has appointed, in the sweat of their brows, that they may become a noble community instead of a colony of beggars, and that they may sanctify the name of the Lord.'

THE LATE CONSUL KOCH.—Every English traveller who has visited Frankfort-on-the-Maine will have noticed with regret the death of Mr. Christian Koch, who for so many years acted as her Majesty's Consul in that city. Mr. Koch was a naturalized Englishman, and his talents were of a high order. He was profoundly versed in European politics, and enjoyed the personal friendship of the late Sir Robert Peel and many other leading statesmen, who entertained high respect for his diplomatic knowledge and experience. He was also honored by marks of esteem from George IV. and his successor. His services to the British Government, though unostentatious, were most valuable. He was an ardent advocate of free trade at a period when that question was in its infancy, and twenty-five years ago he, at great personal expense, endeavored to carry out a scheme of direct commercial communication between England, Germany, and Hungary, by means of vessels with movable keels, which could proceed from and to London, passing through the Rhine and Danube, without transshipment of their cargoes. Contending interests and political influences, however, frus-

trated the accomplishment of his object. He also rendered material assistance to the Government of Sir Robert Peel when that statesman brought forward his free-trade measures. His courtesy and hospitality to English travellers of every class were justly celebrated and recorded in every book of travel, while valuable advice and pecuniary assistance were rarely or never wanting to those in temporary difficulties or distress. For the last few years he lived in retirement, his son Robert having succeeded to the duties of the Consulate, and emulating his father's example. Mr. Koch died at the age of eighty-two, regretted by a host of friends, and leaving in his public capacity, it may be said, an almost European reputation.—*Examiner*.

Two prizes offered for the best Essays on the subject of "The Decline in the Society of Friends," have been awarded to Mr. J. S. Rowntree, of York, and Mr. Thomas Hancock, of Birmingham; being deemed of equal value, the second prize was increased to the same amount as the first.

From The Literary Gazette.

Pictures of Country Life. By Alice Cary. (Derby and Jackson, New York. Sampson Low, London.)

THE only lamentable thing about this book is its prodigality of material. Subject matter enough for half-a-dozen full grown novels is compressed into tiny magazine tales of not many more pages: characters full of vitality and individual distinctness are dwarfed into mere miniature portraits: and incidents, which might have been expanded into plots and complicated into entanglements three volumes long, are passed in review before us like a troop of mannikin soldiers, any one of which might have been nurtured into a literary Goliath. This is in nowise a condemnation of the book: on the contrary, it is a confession of the exceeding wealth of material garnered within its pages; and if we regret the lavish outpour of all this wealth in so small a space it is for the sake of the authoress herself, not her readers. Had she amplified and elaborated more she would have put her capital out to larger interest, and have husbanded her resources for future ventures.

The stories are very sweet and charming, and the personages stand out with all the intensity of American portraiture; there is not the faintest dash of melodrama throughout; and a pure and beautiful spirit pervades every page. One of the prettiest of the tales is that of "Hasty Words and their Apology." The picture of Myrie is perfect in its way; as bright a touch as was ever laid on canvas or paper:—

"She was sitting on the border of grass at the edge of the walk close by the gate, where Luther had left her, and with one hand was pulling the curl out of her brown hair, while the other rested on the head of the big watchdog that lay with his speckled nose half buried in the turf at her feet.

"Luther mounted the steps of the portico, and looking in all directions but where the dog was, whistled for him loudly—perhaps to arrest the attention of the little girl; but her brown eyes looked steadily at the ground; and when the dog, slipping his head from beneath her hand, trotted down the walk, she remained quiet, looking on the ground all the same, only betraying that she felt herself observed by pulling her scanty skirts over her bare feet.

"Luther petted and scolded the dog by turns, but without eliciting any notice from the child; he then took his playfellow's ear in

one hand, and raced up and down the walk, close to her feet, but she, turning slightly aside, picked out the grass, spear by spear, never once lifting her brown eyes.

"She had gone to the gate to meet and welcome him home; he had given her the unceremonious greeting recorded, and no second friendly overture would she make. Luther had found his match: half way down the walk he stopped suddenly, exclaiming, 'Oh, I have found something beautiful; whoever comes for it may have it.' Now, there was no one to come except the child at the gate; but he had not called directly to her, and she would not go. Luther now sat down on the bank and fixed his gray eyes on the little girl (for he was not used to be so disregarded), but in vain were all his looks of displeasure when she would not see them.

"He was sorry in his heart for what he had said, but he would not openly acknowledge it; and modulating his voice to something like entreaty, he said, 'Come here and see what I have found.'

"'It is nothing that belongs to me,' the child answered, for the first time lifting up her eyes.

"Encouraged by the mildness of her voice, he added authoritatively, 'I tell you to come and see.'

"'I will not,' answered the little girl, tossing the curls from her bare brown shoulders, and returning his gaze.

"'Well,' said Luther, 'if you won't come for it, you sha'n't have it—that's all;' and he affected to put something in his pocket.

"'I don't want what is not mine,' she replied.

"'But how do you know that it is not yours?'

"'Because,' said the child, wiping her eyes with her hand, 'I had nothing to lose.'

"Luther regarded her more attentively now, and saw that she did not look as if she had much to lose—her dress was faded and outgrown so much, that, try as she would, she could not make the scanty skirt stay over her bare brown feet. One by one the tears fell from her eyes slowly down her cheeks, and with each that fell the boy took a step towards her."

This is a little oval by Gainsborough; a genuine bit of nature, fresh, real, and unsophisticated; a picture to haunt one, like Reynolds' beautiful little "Strawberry Girl," whom we all seem to have known sometime in life but to whom we cannot give a name, any more than to any other form which expresses our ideal. Myrie, in the opening pages, is one of those ideals; twin sister to the Strawberry girl—or perhaps that dainty little maid

herself translated to the American woods, with wild vine leaves trailing above her head in place of the sturdy English oak. Myrie passes from childhood up to maidenhood and maturity, but she never appears so lovely as when she has her first baby quarrel with Luther, and tries to pull her scanty frock over her bare brown feet. Luther is not quite so consistently worked out. It seems as if the authoress suffered her ruth to overcome her art, and so broke off in the middle of her sketch, and softened down the ugly lines till she made them beautiful like the rest, but slightly inharmonious with their first intention and scarcely symmetrical with the whole design. The passage from a proud, selfish, unfeeling youth to a great and noble manhood, is not shown with sufficient clearness of growth. We have no fine gradations; no imperceptible tones gradually changing the expression without an abrupt record of means; no masterly shadings leading up to the final tint; but all is sudden and positive—a moral and literary kind of hocus pocus, the process of which no one shall understand. Yet the story is exceedingly touching in spite of this little blemish; and is told naturally and unaffectedly, with very few Americanisms to interrupt the flow and remind one of an intervening nationality. The most glaring Yankeeism is "Laurie choked on the tea;" but it comes in appropriately enough, and spoils nothing fine or sentimental. A good racy bit of provincialism, judiciously applied, often helps a lagging page. It is the squeeze of lemon that tones up the sauce.

"The House with Two Front Doors" is another pretty tale, full of cross purposes, and irritating one's nerves dreadfully against the imbecility of people who will not speak out, and so make an end of all their misunderstandings, but who prefer instead to go maun-dering and mooning through years of misery, all because they love by looks not words, and suffer themselves to be swayed by accent and emphasis in the room of deeds. If people in story books had ordinary candor or common sense, nay, if they possessed but as much penetration as a Bushman or a Fiji might be supposed to have, novel-writers would come to a sad stand-still for material. Again, a sad and singularly beautiful story is that of "Eliza Anderson," who, like Myrie, passes up from childhood to old age, but ends less happily. By weak compliance with her worthless brother

George she offends her true lover, Caspar, the schoolmaster; breaks off her engagement with him, and entrenches herself in her pride when he would have soothed away her refusal; at last coming to the bloodless misery detailed in the following chapter:—

"Years ago all this happened, and what either party, or both have suffered, only themselves know. The same house, shabbier than it used to be, with the one uncurtained window towards the street, is standing yet. Sometimes in the evening twilight you will see there a plain, pale woman, with gray hair, sewing by the last light. She does not smile, nor look as if she had smiled for many years, or ever would again. Often three bright, laughing children go in at the gate with parcels of sewing, and they climb over her chair and kiss her, and wonder why she is not gay and laughing like their mother; and when they go away they are sure to leave more money than she has earned behind them; they are Caspar's children, and the woman is Eliza Anderson.

"Sometimes you will see there a ragged, wretched man, lame in the right leg, and with one arm off at the elbow—his face has in it a look of habitual suffering, of baffled and purposeless suffering, as if all the world was set against him, and he could not help it; and that is George.

"Sometimes in the night, when all is dark and still, a white-haired man leans over the broken gate, forgetting the white wall of his own garden, and all the roses that are in it, and the pretty children that are smiling in their dreaming; and even the wife, gone to sleep too, in the calm, not to say indifferent confidence, that he will take care of himself, and come home when he gets ready. He leans there a long time thinking, not of what is, but of what might have been, and wondering whether eternity will make whole the broken blessings of time. That is Caspar, to be sure—who else should it be?"

What a poem set in genuine heart-language is this chapter! One needs not to have gone through all the story to comprehend it, for it is complete in itself, and as touching as any thing we have ever read. The woman who could write that pathetic page can do much greater things; for it is not given to many to have a deeper insight into the secret tragedies of life than this betrays. "An Old Maid's Story," too, is a sweet and gentle idyl, dealing with the hidden feelings of life rather than with noisy, patent, overbearing facts, and contriving to make an exquisite little poem of these, without incident or excitement to help

author or reader. It is a great power that Alice Cary shows; and we hope that she will not exhaust herself too soon, and compress into a few pages the subject, thoughts, and beauties, that would well expand into volumes. Every tale in this book might be selected as evidence of some new beauty or unhackneyed grace. There is nothing feeble, nothing vulgar, and above all, nothing unnatural or melodramatic. To the analytical subtilty and marvellous naturalness of the French school of romance she has added the purity and

idealization of the home affections and home life belonging to the English: giving to both the American richness of color and vigor of outline, and her own individual power and loveliness. It is a book which ought to have an immense success; for it is full of force and beauty, and without a tainted page or an equivocal thought throughout. We hope, and venture to predict for it a warm welcome in England, and a large and appreciative circle of admiring readers.

A Glossarial Index to the Printed English Literature of the Thirteenth Century. By Herbert Coleridge. London: Trübner.

THIS Glossary is, as we are informed in the preface, a preliminary publication intended chiefly for the use of those who may wish to give their co-operation in the collection of materials for the English Dictionary projected by the Philological Society. From the prospectus or "proposal" of the society, which is appended to the present publication, it appears that two committees have been appointed, one Literary and Historical, presided over by the Dean of Westminster, the other Etymological,—the former of which is charged with the arrangements for editing the dictionary. With a view to make that work a complete repertory of all the words occurring in the English language from the middle of the thirteenth century—the point where English proper divides off from semi-Saxon—and to indicate both the earliest and the latest use of each word, the committee are desirous of enlisting as many volunteer fellow-workers as they can obtain; each individual undertaking some one book and making from it notes and extracts in conformity with certain regulations set forth at length in the prospectus. It is for the purpose of illustrating those rules, and supplying the different collectors with a complete list of the stock of words extant in the printed English literature of the thirteenth century, which will form the basis of the dictionary, that the present volume has been compiled. But although its immediate object concerns those only who may feel disposed to respond to the appeal made by the Philological Society to the literary world, to aid them in their undertaking, the Glossary has an independent value for the philologist, who has here placed before him in a compendious form the earliest materials of the English language,—and has thus ample means afforded him for instituting comparisons and for

tracing out the laws of etymological development and transformation. At the same time a valuable aid is supplied for the study of the literature of that early period. In either aspect the publication is one which cannot fail to commend itself to all who take an interest in philological researches, and especially in such as relate to a language not only dear to us as our mother tongue, but highly important on account of its world-wide diffusion.—*The Press.*

THE late proclamation of our *soi-disant* new Duke Ferdinand is very cautious in the blame it awards to the Tuscan people, led away (it says, with the usual Austrian cant) by a very few seditious persons. He promises Tuscany a gracious amnesty, a liberal ruler, and even—a tri-colored banner! The poet Dall' Ongaro, one of whose admirable *stornelli* I translated in my last letter, makes answer to this loving proclamation, in the name of the people as follows:—

"TOO LATE.

"Highness! this warm appeal you've deigned to write,

The pink of breeding, honey sweet and pleasant,

Pray was it penned at Solferino's fight,

When Coz. Franz Joe, and all the *nobs* were present,—

While we were sweating on St. Martin's height,

'Mid smoke and whiz of cannon-balls incessant,

Where, in one day, King Victor led us back Full five times, sword in hand, to the attack?

Then was the time your colors to declare; But they, you know, were black and yellow

there.

You promise now another banner straight; Your Highness must excuse us,—'tis too late."

—*Letter from Leghorn in the Athenaeum.*

From *The Athenæum*.
English and Scottish Ballads. Selected and
 Edited by Francis James Child, 8 vols.
 (Boston, Little and Brown.)

As far as regards the Ballads in this uniform edition, there is no pretension to novelty, even on the other side of the Atlantic. Every separate production has been known for years, some of the latest having been derived from Mr. Payne Collier's volume of "*Roxburghe Ballads*," published in 1847: others are from the collections of Percy, Ritson, Evans, and others, which are in every library. Nevertheless, as a judicious and copious selection from all these various sources, comprising the very best specimens of ballad-poetry in our language, they will be welcome here and elsewhere.

They may be said to form the commencement of a series called "*The British Poets*," now in course of publication in Boston, of which we know not precisely how many volumes have yet appeared; but we have seen the "*Spenser*," the "*Milton*," and one or two others, and can bear testimony to the accuracy of the text, as well as to the excellence with which they have been edited, to the convenience of the size, and to the beauty of the typography. The late Mr. Pickering, many years since, commenced and carried on through forty or fifty volumes a similar undertaking in London; but the text was generally a mere reprint of earlier impressions with their errors, and the lives and critical notices were contributed by writers, by no means specially competent to the task. For the American edition, the biographies have all been the work of one individual, Prof. Child, of Harvard College, U.S., who has bestowed great pains upon his work, has resorted to the best sources of information, and is now, or was recently in England, making original researches (with no inconsiderable success, as we understand) for a new Life and a new edition of Chaucer.

At present we have only to notice Prof. Child's collection of ballad-poetry, which we presume (as containing some of the very oldest examples of verse in our language) will take the lead in his series. Judging merely from its date, and seeing that it has been made to follow the works of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, etc., we suppose that these eight volumes of popular poetry were an afterthought, and that it was very properly con-

sidered that such a succession of poets ought to be preceded and introduced by an assemblage of those scattered pieces, not a few of which must, in point of date, have been anterior even to Chaucer, Lidgate, or Gower. Prof. Child has made no attempt at a chronological arrangement, and his first volume contains ballads of very different and distant periods. We know that it would have been extremely difficult in many cases to have arrived at even a proximate date, but something might have been done in this way, and such productions as, historically or otherwise, speak for themselves, and boast undoubted antiquity, ought not to have been mixed up with others of an unquestionably modern character and complexion. It might often be hazardous to offer any opinion as to the period when a ballad first made its appearance, but we think it is a risk that an editor of such a work ought to have been prepared to incur.

There are, of course, certain "cycles of ballads," as they call them, which ought, as far as it can be accomplished, to be kept by themselves; such for instance, as those that relate to King Arthur, to Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers, and to Robin Hood. This has been done as regards the last of these heroes and his "merry men," and Ritson's plan and text, published more than sixty years ago, has been usually followed, because Mr. Gutch, in his comparatively recent reprint of the "*Robin Hood Ballads*," evinced neither the taste nor the knowledge requisite for the purpose. Prof. Child was quite aware of these deficiencies in his predecessor; and the volume, of the eight before us, devoted to Sherwood Forest and its Outlaws, seems only liable to be found fault with because it includes too much. What, we may ask, has the poem on Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough and William of Cloudesly to do with Robin Hood and his exploits? They frequented a different part of the country, and, though engaged in similar pursuits, had no connection nor acquaintance with Robin Hood. Therefore Ritson did not print it in 1795 in his two volumes limited to that hero, but in a separate collection of "*Popular Poetry*," which came out in 1791. Prof. Child, however, introduces it in the very centre of ballads to which it is, like various others, only akin in subject, and not at all related as far as the persons are concerned.

In one important respect he has the advantage of all who have gone before him: little

as it might have been expected from the other side of the Atlantic, his text of "Adam Bell" is superior to any that has been yet produced; for hearing that in this country an ancient copy of the ballad (more ancient than any other known) had been recovered by the industry of one of our literary antiquaries, he wrote over for the use of it,—a courtesy that was, of course, instantly conceded. It has afforded many excellent new readings, of which, as the subject is curious, we will give one or two. In Copland's edition we are told that

"The justice with a quest of squyers"

had condemned Cloudeley to be hanged: the true text is

"The justice with a quest of *swyers*,"

meaning swearers, or jurymen, who had sat upon the charge, and found a verdict. Again, further on, Cloudeley being brought out for execution,

"cast his eyen asyde
And saw hys to brethren,"

entirely omitting an important word, for the line ought to be,

"And sawe hys *two* brethren stand,"

rhyming with "hand" in the next line but one. These, however, are points on which we have not space to dwell, and we only mention them in order to show the pains taken by Prof. Child, not merely to reprint, but to

give the American edition now before us an advantage over every other. So with his brief but very satisfactory "Introduction" to the "Robin Hood Ballads;" it comprises every word that was necessary, excludes pages upon pages that were needless, if not worthless, and above all entirely confutes the hasty notion, recently promulgated on this side of the water, that Robin Hood, Scarlet, Little John and Friar Tuck were real persons and historical characters.

The deficiency chiefly noticeable in these volumes is a deficiency which belongs to this and to nearly every collection of the kind; it wants a general introduction, an essay upon ballad-poetry and the different epochs of its history; for, like other poetry, it had periods of prosperity and depression. A short and general view of the subject was given in the volume of "Roxburghe Ballads" already mentioned, but it requires to be gone into more in detail, and in a varied and vivacious spirit, adapted to the character of the productions themselves. Ritson overlabored and overloaded his prefatory matter to the "Robin Hood Ballads:" he wrote not only with too much of an antiquarian spirit, but too much in an antiquarian style. What we want (and what we hoped for a promise in Prof. Child's first volume) is, a lively, but not flimsy historical, critical, and even philosophical dissertation on the whole subject of ballads.

HOW THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE 4TH OF JULY WAS KEPT IN BOSTON.—From Diary of Brig-Gen. Jedediah Preble, of Falmouth, dated Wednesday, August 9, 1775. From the same diary, under date of July 4, 1777, I extract the following (Brigadier Preble was one of the Council): "A fine day. At nine o'clock the Council met; transacted several affairs of a public nature. At half-past ten the Council and House walked in procession to the Old Brick Meeting House, where Mr. Doct. Gordon preached from the 1st of Kings—chap. and—verse, a discourse well adapted to the occasion. After service the Council and House walked in procession, the company of cadets at their head, about half-way down the street to the Town House, and back to the Council Chamber, where the Council and House of Representatives and a number of gentlemen partook of a handsome collation provided, and many loyal toasts were drunk. The Council met at half after three. I omitted to mention that the cannon were dis-

charged at the Castle, Fort Hill, and from sundry ships in the harbor. Thirteen cannon were fired in the street below the Town House, and about three hundred of the Militia of Boston, and the Cadet company, drawn up in the street, fired three volleys. At night fireworks were played off and several shells thrown. Several thousands of men and women, General Ward, Brigadier Danielson, Mr. Paine, and myself went on the common to see the performance." If acceptable, I may at my leisure send you some further extracts from this diary, and his letters written during the revolutionary period. General Preble was appointed by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, on the 27th of Oct., 1774, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, but declined the appointment on account of his ill health and advanced age, when it was conferred upon General Artemas Ward. He was also the father of Commodore Edward Preble.—*American Historical Magazine*.

From The Athenæum.

Fankwei; or, the San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. By W. M. Wood, M.D., U.S.N. (New York, Harper Brothers; London, Low & Co.)

If the five hundred and forty-five closely printed pages of the volume before us had been reduced to two hundred pages in a larger type, the work would have been much better and more likely to be read. Dr. Wood, we are bound to say, has put forth a great number of unnecessary leaves, and has branched out into various disquisitions which are neither relevant nor instructive. The eighteenth chapter, on Buddhism, is not very long certainly, but might with great advantage have been altogether omitted, more particularly as it is by no means void of mistakes,—M. Bournouf, for example, being throughout exhibited as M. Brunouf. In the latter part of his work especially Dr. Wood writes in the most careless and slipshod manner, so that many of the sentences are almost unintelligible. Take the following sentence, for example:—"Whatever the merits of the contest, the men who display subordination and bravery should have some testimonies of it—and a scrip of paper or a cheap medal. Officers may be trusted to other considerations." The American style of spelling, too, is carried very far in this volume. "Traveler" and "worshipped" we may bow to as eccentric, but respectable, acquaintances,—but "offenses" and "niter" can hardly be admitted into English society.

With many such deductions, we may pronounce "Fankwei" an agreeable book. The ground gone over has, indeed, been rather too much trodden and described of late, but our author has managed to glean a few novelties, even from such well-known places as Madeira and Hongkong. On the 24th of October, 1825, he sailed with the "high-sounding title" of "Surgeon of the Fleet," in the San Jacinto, U.S. steam-frigate, for Siam, China, and Japan. If we are to accept this writer's statements, the naval service is not very popular with Americans. Officers and men are, to begin with, dissatisfied with their dress, which they view as "adding another to the unnecessary disgusts of public service." Their large, white-duck cuffs and collars were an especial source of annoyance to the seamen, and Jack expressed his disapprobation in the following characteristic manner:—

"Of a supply of green turtle we had on board, all had gone but one burly reptile of about five hundred pounds' weight, belonging to the Commodore. This fellow lay conspicuously on one side of the deck, back up and flippers spread out. Silent, solemn, and sombre as he was, the first proclamation of dissatisfaction with the order came from this turtle. He was found one morning with a broad muslin collar tied around his throat and folded back upon his warty shell, and a broad cuff folded back on each fore-flipper. Ridiculous as he looked, in a short time the crew of the San Jacinto looked just as ridiculous. The muster came, and as we stepped upon deck, where all the crew were assembled, it was difficult to suppress a smile at their appearance. The expanse of white collar and cuffs, contrasted with their dark blue clothes, made each weather-beaten, knotted, gnarled, bearded head seem to emerge from a child's pinafore pinned behind. 'Jack,' said one, 'you look like you had stolen a sheep and was carrying it home, with its legs tied round your neck.'—'I feel just that way,' replied Jack.—'Our men look,' said one of the Lieutenants to me, as he passed, with a suppressed smile, on the quarter-deck, 'as though they had been robbing a washerwoman's hedge of napkins and towels.'"

Another subject of dissatisfaction was the appropriation by the Government of the "slush-fund." This fund is the product of the sale of the grease skimmed from the water in which the crew's rations are boiled, and during a cruise it amounts to several hundred dollars. While the crew were disputing about the proprietorship of the fund, the Government settled the question in the following manner:—

"Navy Department, September 29, 1855.

"Sir,—Your letter of the 28th instant requesting authority to ship a band, and for the purchase of musical instruments for the 'San Jacinto' has been received. The Commandant at New York has been directed to cause a band to be enlisted. You will direct the purchase of the musical instruments, and the payment, for the present, out of 'Contingent,' to be replaced, in time, from the 'Slush Fund.' I am respectfully, your obedient servant, J. C. DOBBIN."

"Commander H. H. Bell."

The creation of sweet sounds from grease skimmings strikes us as a new and ingenious idea, though little to the taste of the San Jacinto's crew. They had stronger ground for complaint, however, when they were put upon a short allowance of water, merely by

way of practice, or as Mr. Wood suggests, in order that they might not forget that they had a captain over them. "His existence might be overlooked, and so—he stops your allowance of water, and you feel his power in every moving fibre and flowing vein."

In spite of grumbling, time wore on, and in due course the vessel reached its various halting-places. The first of these was Madeira, of which our author gives us an account, which is only not too long because it is full of information. He seems to have enjoyed special opportunities of tasting the famous wines of that island. We must quote the passage in which he pronounces his decision regarding them:—

"At this stage of the discussion our host directed a bottle to be brought with great care from a specially named corner of the garret, and when brought he took it carefully in his hand, drew, and decanted it himself, and handing a glass to me, he said, 'Now taste that, and tell me what you think of it, and be careful don't commit yourself.' The wine was very clear, and of a pale amber color. I tasted it, mild, unspirited, aromatic, and at once said, 'It is the best on the table, and by far the best I ever tasted in my life.' It was then handed to my companions, who all thought it very good, but by no means equal to the '76. Our host then said, with an earnestness and solemnity befitting the occasion, 'It is a rare wine—a wonderful wine; there can be nothing superior to it, but it is one *hundred years old*;' and thereafter our host and myself took up with the centenarian; but the Seventy-sixers, with commendable consistency, and perhaps from patriotic motives, stuck to their first judgment."

The San Jacinto next stopped at Ascension, then at Simon's Bay, then at Mauritius and at Ceylon. We have heard before of the pedlers of this island, but we confess our estimate of their extortion fell short of the reality as described in the following anecdote:—

"Soon after our arrival, one of these pedlers was showing his wares to a group of officers at the wardroom table, when I, looking on, remarked of a neat and tastefully set ring, 'That is the prettiest thing he has shown.' The man, with a graceful salaam, at once handed it to me, and said, 'I'm sure you'll buy that.' I had no intention of buying anything, and wishing to be rid of his continued persuasive importunity, I asked the

price.—'Twelve pounds.'—'I'll give you one.' In a dramatic manner he laid his hand on his breast, and said, 'I thank you. I know, though, you are but jesting; it is not in my heart to ask more than the real value;' and with a mortified air, he put up his ring and went on with his sales to those who were satisfied with his prices. I felt somewhat sorry for having hurt the poor man's feelings. Having concluded his sales, he returned to me, saying, 'I am very much in want of money, and must take the one pound for the ring.' I knew now that even at my own offer I was paying too much. Having made it, I would have given it, but not having so much money by me, I told the man he must wait until the Purser came on board, or return to the ship in an hour or two. This did not suit him, and he urged me to say what I would give on the spot. 'All that I have in my purse,' as I laid it on the table. He eyed it keenly for a moment, pushed the ring toward me, and emptied the purse. It contained one dollar and seventy-five cents, with which he went off satisfied, having made a dollar and a half by the sale of his sixty dollar ring. What precious stones passengers must buy at Galle! There are, however, beautiful gems to be had there by the exercise of care and skill."

The vessel reached Siam on the 10th of April, and on the 31st of May the first King of Siam, S. P. Mongkut, concluded a treaty with the United States in the most barbarous English, and, to use his own words, "very nearly similar a copy of the treaty" made with us.

The greatest curiosity our author saw at Siam was a self-educated philosopher, of whose acquirements the following anecdote will furnish a specimen:—

"Wishing to make him some little useful present, I thought of a small and simply-constructed electro-galvanic apparatus in my possession. I inquired if he had paid any attention to the subject. 'Oh, yes, much. I have made many batteries myself, and punish my servants by galvanizing them.' Still hoping that mine might be a little better finished than those of his own hands, I asked to see one of his. He had none by him but the first he had ever made. This was brought in, and was so far superior to mine in power and finish, being enclosed in a handsome case, that I saw I could do nothing for him in this way."

Of Japan Dr. Wood had merely a glimpse; and what he saw in China has been already so often described that we need not dwell upon

it. In general we are inclined to coincide with his views on Chinese questions, and particularly on the subject of the great rebellion, which he sums up in the following words:—"I think the difference between them and the regular Imperial Government of China is, that the latter is an indurated

system of routine, corruption, and rascality, crystallized into form, from which no good can come save by its destruction. The former, while tending to chaos and confusion, has within it the divine spark which shall light up the way of progress and civilization and the harmonious institutions of Christianity."

SILICATIZATION.—The Prince Consort has caused a pamphlet to be printed for private circulation, for the purpose of affording information as to the invention of M. Kuhlmann for hardening the surfaces of stone buildings by saturating them with flint in solution. The effect of this process is so to harden the most porous stone as to render it perfectly impervious to moisture, and consequently to protect it from the effects of atmospheric influence. The fluid used by M. Kuhlmann for this purpose is a solution having a density of 35° of Beaume's hydrometer, diluted with an equal bulk of water. This is a proper working solution. Before treating an edifice with the compound, the surface has to be washed free from dirt. The solution may be applied with a brush or distributed by a fireman's hose, care being taken to collect and preserve all superabundant liquid by properly arranged temporary gutters. It has been found advantageous to mix coloring matter with the silicating liquid. Artificially prepared sulphate of baryta is taken up mechanically by the liquid, carried into the pores of a building material, and there deposited mechanically. Sulphate of iron imparts an agreeable red color, sulphate of copper a magnificent green, and certain manganese compounds various tints of brown. Further shades of color are readily obtainable by combining these in different proportions amongst themselves. The experiments of M. Kuhlmann in this direction suggested the idea of employing a more extended assortment of colors; and, by employing them in connection with the silica solution, creating a substitute for fresco-painting. The idea was worked upon a good deal in Germany under the auspices of Kaulbach, who has carried out the process successfully, and has originated a style of mural decorative painting which he calls stereochromy. Though magnificent works of art have been accomplished by the medium of fresco, nevertheless this process is ungracious and unbending to the artist in a high degree. The subject cannot be touched and retouched, as is the case in oil and distemper paintings; a given surface must be taken up and completed at once, or the whole artistic effect is ruined. Stereochromy is executed with all the facility of an ordinary dis-

temper painting; indeed, the process may be defined as one of ordinary distemper painting, the picture being subsequently covered with a silicious glaze. Another mode of executing stereochromy consists in mingling the colors with the silicious solution at once. This practice, however, is attended with difficulties on account of the rapid consolidation of the soluble glass. It would appear that for all purposes of mural painting, whether external or internal, sulphate of baryta overlaid with silicious glaze affords a better and more unchangeable white than can be obtained by any known pigment. The purest and newest whitelead is said to look dull by comparison with it. Unfortunately the process does not lend itself well to the operation of painting upon wood, more especially resinous wood; but if the statements put forth by M. Kuhlmann be not overdrawn—which does not seem probable—baryta white, used in connection with soluble glass, should supersede whitelead, and indeed every other white pigment hitherto employed for the purpose of stone and brick mural decoration; the more especially when it is considered that economy, as well as permanence and beauty, is in favor of the new process. The application of soluble glass, under the auspices of M. Kuhlmann, does not end here. He has employed it as the basis of a permanent ink, as a material for stiffening calico, and as a mordant in the operation of cotton-printing.—*Critic.*

MR. THACKERAY'S new monthly is now spoken of as a certainty, to commence with the new year—we believe the engagement provides for a new tale from the editor, and that a very attractive list of contents may be expected. Mr. Hughes, the author of that pleasant book, *Tom Brown's School Days*, is also quoted as the editor of a new monthly, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

A NEW book, under a most formidable title, is announced by Mr. Bentley. It is "*The Great Tribulation coming upon the Earth*," by Dr. Cumming.

From The Eclectic Review.

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

Brazil and the Brazilians, portrayed in Descriptive and Historical Sketches. By Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D., and Rev. J. C. Fletcher. Illustrated by one hundred and fifty Engravings. London: Trübner & Co.

BRAZIL presents a twofold contrast—one between itself and the Spanish states of South America, and another between itself and the great Republic of the North. These contrasts form, as it were, a gauge or standard by which to test the degrees of her progress or retardation in the tedious and difficult march of civilization. However, when we have taken the measure of her strength, and cast up the average, we may fairly say that Brazil is a great and rising empire; that she has a territory unequalled in extent and fertility by any kingdom in the world, and that by an intelligent, vigorous, and persistent policy of internal and foreign government, she may, one day, rival in wealth, in power, and in moral and intellectual splendor, the greatest empires of past or present times.

We cannot dwell upon the political history of Brazil so as to develop the idea we have suggested. It is sufficient to remember that, until the beginning of the present century, this vast region was a dependency of the Portuguese crown, and subject to the rapacious and destructive government of a viceroy. All its immense resources were but so many mines, from which the royal favorites were privileged to dig untold wealth, every regulation tended to repress the rising riches of the people, taxes and imposts were levied to burden as much as possible the land, and all places of trust and importance were disposed of to incapable minions. This magnificent paradise, instead of being cultivated for the general benefit of the people, was monopolized by a few interested governors and officials, whose sole aim was to aggrandize their immense fortunes; and, like the dog in the manger, to prevent their neighbors, who might be their rivals, from obtaining the least benefit from this universal garden.

In 1807, however, events in the Spanish peninsula changed this state of things. Napoleon, or rather Napoleon's general, Junot, having overrun the South of Europe, having taken possession of Madrid, and finally appeared before the walls of Lisbon, one course alone was left for the house of Braganza to

take. They must either yield themselves up to their treacherous and tyrannical ally, or fly the country, and seek shelter in Brazil, until the political tempest, which was uprooting so many ancient dynasties and ruthlessly obliterating the signs of immemorial *prestige*, was overpast. The latter alternative was adopted, and early in March, the people of Rio de Janeiro were surprised and gratified to see the vessel, bearing the Prince-Regent and the royal family, enter their splendid harbor. The manifestations of joy on the occasion were unbounded: the houses were deserted, and the hills thronged with spectators; the boats were decked out gaily with flying streamers, the populace put on their brightest attire, the sun shone out marvellously beautiful from a field of azure, the rocks and the mountains beyond were clad in their richest verdure; and when the evening came, and the sparkling constellations presented their diamond lights above, along the shore of the bay, up the steep sides of the city, over the face of church, custom-house, palace, and every kind of public edifice twinkled ten thousand lesser lamps, which testified to the unanimous joy of the Brazilians. The hopes excited by the arrival of the court of Lisbon were not altogether deceptive. An unexampled stimulus was given to trade; vexatious restrictions were removed; and, in a short time, the ports of the country were crowded with shipping from the most wealthy and enterprising nations in Europe. In addition to these advantages, a printing press was brought from Portugal, a Royal Gazette published, academies of medicine and the fine arts established, the royal library, containing sixty thousand volumes of books, thrown open for the free use of the public, distinguished foreigners invited to take up their abode in the new capital, and embassies from England and France received. Material improvements naturally followed this new order of things. New streets and squares were added, splendid residences were built, the communication with the interior increased by the construction of good roads, the manners of the people acquired a European polish, the fashions from Paris were introduced, the ceremonies and *levées* of the palace drew forth the people from their seclusion, new ideas were infused, and new modes of life adopted, by a daily augmenting circle of Brazilians in every city and every town.

Brazil had outgrown the character of a colony—a mere dependency; hence in 1815, a decree was promulgated declaring it elevated to the dignity of a kingdom, to form an integral part of the united kingdom of Portugal, Algarves, and Brazil; and in 1818, the Prince-Regent was crowned with the title of Dom John VI. Bitter causes of jealousy, however, existed. The Portuguese looked down upon the Brazilians with contempt, and the Brazilians resented the insult with silent, if not open, indignation. The Brazilians looked upon the vast length and breadth of their provinces, and instituted a comparison between them and the strip of land in Europe, of which Lisbon was the capital. The best offices were heaped upon Portuguese, or on those alone amongst the Brazilians who had aided the Prince-Regent with furnished houses and money. This rivalry for place and position excited intense jealousies and hatred between the governing and the governed classes; and the ferment continued to increase until the revolution, which occurred in 1821, in favor of a constitution, was loudly responded to, by a similar movement in Brazil. The arbitrary conduct of the Cortes at Lisbon at length brought things to a crisis; and in September, 1822, the country declared itself an independent state, and proclaimed Dom Pedro, the son of the king, who had been left behind as viceroy of the kingdom, the constitutional monarch and Emperor of Brazil. It was a great revolution; not only in the manner in which it was carried out, but in the results of which it has been productive. It was "begun by one whose very birth and position would have led the contemplative philosopher or statesman to pronounce it impossible that he should become the leader of the popular cause. It was the descendant of a long line of European monarchs who inaugurated the movement which severed the last—the most faithful—of the great divisions of South America from Transatlantic rule." A special commission of ten persons was convened in 1823, for the purpose of framing a constitution. We cannot enter into an account of its different clauses and sections. Some of its principal features, however, may be stated in a few words; and, as they are concisely given, and ably commented on by Mr. Fletcher, we readily transcribe them for the benefit of our readers. The contrast, too, to which we alluded at the commencement of this article,

is also briefly, but plainly depicted by the author, and our own remarks are pointedly confirmed:—

"The government of the Empire is monarchical, hereditary, constitutional, and representative. The religion of the State is the Roman Catholic, but all other denominations are tolerated. Judicial proceedings are public, and there is the right of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury. The legislative power is in the General Assembly, which answers to the Imperial Parliament of England, or to the Congress of the United States. The senators are elected for life, and the representatives for four years. The presidents of the provinces are appointed by the Emperor. There is a legislative assembly to each province for local laws, taxation, and government: thus, Brazil is a *decentralized* empire. The senators and representatives of the General Assembly are chosen through the intervention of electors, as is the President of the United States, and the provincial legislators are elected by universal suffrage. The press is free, and there is no proscription on account of color.

"The constitution thus framed was accepted by the Emperor, and on the 25th of March, 1824, was sworn to by his Imperial Highness, and by the authorities and people throughout the Empire. It is an instrument truly remarkable, considering the source whence it emanated, and we cannot continue the subsequent history of the country without devoting to its merits a few passing reflections.

"This constitution commenced by being the most liberal of all other similar documents placed before a South American people. In its wise and tolerant notions, and in its adaptation to the nation for which it was prepared, it is second only to that which governs the Anglo-Saxon confederacy of North America. States and individuals may utter, in their charters of government, fine sentences in regard to equality and right; but if they fail in practicability, and in securing those very elements of justice, stability, and progress, the eloquent phrases are but 'as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.' The Brazilian constitution, has to a great extent, secured equality, justice, and consequently national prosperity. She is to-day governed by the same constitution with which more than thirty years ago she commenced her full career as a nation. While every Spanish-American government has been the scene of bloody revolutions,—while the civilized world has looked with horror, wonder, and pity, upon the self-constituted bill of the people's rights again and again trampled under foot by turbulent faction and priestly bigotry, or by the tyranny of the most narrow-minded dictators,—the only Portuguese-American government (though it has

had its provincial revolts of a short duration) has beheld but two revolutions, and those were peaceful,—one fully in accordance with the constitution; * the other, the proclamation of the majority of Dom Pedro II., was by suspending a single article of the government compact.

"Mexico, which, in extent of territory, population, and resources, is more properly comparable to Brazil than any other Hispano-American country, established her first constitution only one month (February, 1824) earlier than the adoption of the Brazilian charter of government and rights. But poor Mexico has been the prey of every unscrupulous demagogue who could for the moment command the army. Her constitution has repeatedly been overthrown; the victorious soldiery of a hardier nation placed her at the mercy of a foreign cabinet; her dominion has been despoiled; her commerce crippled and diminished by her own inertness and narrow policy; personal security and national prosperity are unknown, and her people are this day no further advanced than when the Constitution was first set aside in 1835.

"Brazil, on the other hand, has been continually progressing. The head of the Empire is in the same family, and governs under the same constitution that was established in 1824. Her commerce doubles every ten years; she possesses cities lighted by gas, long lines of steam-ships, and the beginnings of railways that are spreading from the seacoast into the fertile interior; in her borders education and general intelligence are constantly advancing.

"This great contrast cannot be accounted for altogether on the ground of the difference between the two people and between their respective forms of government. It is doubtless true that a monarchy is better suited to the Latin nations than a republic; and it is equally apparent that there is a very great dissimilarity between the Spaniard and his descendants, and the Portuguese and his descendants. The Spaniard affects to despise the Portuguese, and the latter has of late years been underrated in the eyes of the world.† The child of Castile, take him where you will, is ambitious, chivalric, bigoted, vain, extravagant, and lazy. The son of Lusitania is not wanting in vanity, but is more tolerant and less turbulent than his neighbor, and is a being both economical and industrious.

"The reasons, under Providence, of the great divergence in the results of the Brazilian and Mexican constitutions may be summed up briefly thus: Brazil, while providing an he-

reditary monarchical head, recognized most fully the democratic element; while acknowledging the Roman Catholic religion to be that established by the state, she guaranteed, with the single limitations of steeples and bells, the unrestricted right of worship to all other denominations; she established public judicial proceedings, the *habeas corpus*, and the right of trial by jury.

"Mexico, in the formation of her constitution, copied that of the United States, but departed from that document in the two most important particulars, as widely as the oft-quoted strolling actors deviated from the original tragedy when they advertised 'Hamlet' to be played *minus* the rôle of the Prince of Denmark. The Mexican constitution established an exclusive religion with all the rigorous bigotry of Old Spain; and public judicial proceedings and the intervention by juries were omitted altogether. The starting-points of Brazil and Mexico were entirely different: the former, happy in a suitable form of government and in liberal principles from the beginning, has outstripped the latter in all that constitutes true national greatness."

The government of Dom Pedro I. was found to be rather too *firm* for the Brazilians. Many of his acts were arbitrary, and he thought he had a right to violate some of the rules of a constitution which had been framed under his own immediate inspection. The people, however, were of a different mind; he found his subjects difficult to control, and in a fit of indignation resigned his sovereignty into the hands of his infant son, in 1831. This prince was joyfully received by the people, a regency appointed, and the government of the country conducted by vicarious authority. In 1840, the Brazilians became tired of a deputed sovereignty; they grew impatient for the majority of the young prince, and to cut the matter short, an act was passed abolishing the tutelage of the future heir to the throne as soon as he had attained the age of fifteen. The fierce debates and struggles in the chambers between the regency and the factious opposition, it is not our intention to dwell upon. In the November of the same year the young prince assumed the sovereign power under the title of Dom Pedro II. For seventeen years he has conducted the affairs of his empire with unexampled moderation and success. He has had gigantic difficulties to grapple with; fierce parliamentary discussions and popular outbreaks to meet; but he has always succeeded in establishing the constitutional authority of the crown and main-

* The abdication of Dom Pedro I. in favor of his son, Dom Pedro II., the present emperor.

† Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues, and you make a good Portuguese of him.—*Spanish proverb.*

taining the dignity and prosperity of his empire. In fact, few princes have been more alive to the true interests of their people. In 1850, the slave trade was abolished by treaty, and we believe that the stipulations of that treaty have been sincerely and conscientiously carried out.

"For the last ten years the progress of Brazil has been onward. Her public credit abroad is of the highest character. Internal improvements have been projected and are being executed on a large scale; tranquillity has prevailed, undisturbed by the slightest provincial revolt; party spirit has lost its early violence; the attention of all is more than ever directed to the peaceful triumphs of agriculture and legitimate commerce; public instruction is more widely diffused; and, though much is yet required to elevate the masses, still, if Brazil shall continue to carry out the principles of her noble constitution, and if education and morality shall abound in her borders, she will in due time take position in the first rank of nations."

Such is the calm and impartial judgment of Mr. Fletcher, a gentleman who has had ample opportunities of establishing for himself the truth of his statements, and who is incapable of misleading others from any desire to over-estimate or exaggerate the beneficial operations of the present government and laws of the Brazilian empire.

But what, we may ask, is this Brazilian empire? We have intimated it may one day become the first among the nations of the earth. What are its limits,—in what do its riches consist? What means does it possess for developing its internal resources. We have already alluded to its constitution, to the enlightened character of its sovereign, and its legislators, and the earnest manner in which the education of the people—considering that the Roman Catholic religion is dominant—is pushed forward. Materially, however, Brazil is one of the vastest kingdoms which find place upon the map. It is, indeed, of such gigantic proportions that mere estimates in miles and leagues fail to convey any adequate idea of its size. If we would travel by land from the southernmost provinces to the north, it would take many months of painful journeyings up mountains and hills, through dense forests and jungles, over wide plains and broad rivers, before we should reach the Terra Pacarana which divides Brazil from Venezuela. The greatest portion of this ex-

tensive empire, it may safely be affirmed, has, as yet, been only trodden by the foot of the wild Indian, or, at long intervals, by the most adventurous of the Portuguese traders. If we cannot well conceive the vast distance from point to point, how much more difficult is it to picture to the imagination the toil and almost insurmountable obstacles to be endured and overcome in a vast country, with a sprinkling of population, and often with no roads save the paths of cattle and the tracks of the tapir. Yet we may arrive at some definite idea of the extent of this empire by forming comparisons. If, for example, a straight line were drawn from the head waters of the river Parima, on the north, to the southern shores of the Lagoa Mirim, in Rio Grande-do-Sul, it would more than reach from Liverpool to Boston. It is farther from Pernambuco to the western boundary which separates Peru and Brazil, than by a direct route from London across the Continent to Alexandria in Egypt. The empire is supposed to contain within its confines, three million four thousand four hundred and sixty square miles, and is, therefore, sixty-eight thousand two hundred and ninety-four square miles larger than the whole territory of the United States, eight hundred and sixty-one thousand nine hundred and fifty-six square miles larger than European Russia, and only eight hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred and seventy square miles less than the entire area of Europe. To enumerate her productions we should have to mention nearly every plant that grows within the temperate and torrid zones, together with diamond mines and gold mines, coal-seams and beds of iron; whilst the climate, though diversified since it embraces many degrees of latitude, is generally pleasant and favorable to health.

This rapid sketch of Brazil we have introduced in connection with the volume before us, since we believe that what Dr. Fletcher states of his own countrymen in America may, with certain limitations, be applicable to the English reader in general. "It is probably hazarding nothing to say," such is his remark, "that a very large majority of readers are better acquainted with China and India than with Brazil." Yet it is a country well worthy their studious attention. Mighty rivers, and virgin forests, palm-trees and jaguars, anacondas and alligators, monkeys and parrots, diamond-mining, revolutions, and

earthquakes, it is observed, are the component parts of the picture formed in the mind's eye. A perusal of the present volume, however, will give a new and a more interesting aspect to the whole country. Its people, their institutions, their manners and habits, their modes of living, domestic influences, their laws and constitution, the state of religion, education, and the fine arts, agriculture, manufactures, trade, commerce,—all find a place in Mr. Fletcher's book, and are handled in an intelligent and lucid manner. It is not our intention to dip largely into the work for extracts; but there are a few features of Brazilian life which it is interesting and instructive to bring forward.

A Brazilian household is thus described:—

"The Brazilian mother almost invariably gives her infant to a black to be nursed. As soon as the children become too troublesome for the comfort of the *senhora*, they are despatched to school; and woe betide the poor teachers who have to break in those vivacious specimens of humanity! Accustomed to control their black nurses, and to unlimited indulgence from their parents, they set their minds to work to contrive every method of baffling the efforts made to reduce them to order. This does not arise from malice, but from want of parental discipline. They are affectionate and placable, though impatient and passionate,—full of intelligence, though extremely idle and incapable of prolonged attention. They readily catch a smattering of knowledge; French and Italian are easy to them, as cognate tongues with their own. Music, singing, and dancing suit their volatile temperaments; and I have rarely heard better amateur Italian singing than in Rio de Janeiro and Bahia. Pianos abound in every street, and both sexes become adept performers. The opera is maintained by the Government, as it is in Europe, and the first musicians go to Brazil. Thalberg triumphed at Rio de Janeiro before he came to New York. The manners and address of Brazilian ladies are good, and their carriage is graceful. It is true that they have no fund of varied knowledge to make a conversation agreeable and instructive; but they chatter nothings in a pleasant way, always excepting a rather high tone of voice, which I suppose comes from frequent commands given to Congo or Mozambique. Their literary stores consist mostly of the novels of Balzac, Eugene Sue, Dumas *père et fils*, George Sand, the gossiping *pacotilhas* and the *folhetim* of the newspapers. Thus they fit themselves to become wives and mothers.

Beggars it appears are very prolific—the

effect, doubtless, of a tropical sun—at Rio. The following is amusing:—

"All shades of beggars seem to abound everywhere. At length it was discovered that poor, old, worn-out slaves—those afflicted with blindness and elephantiasis—were sent out by their masters to ask alms. A new *chef de police*, however, made an onslaught upon such mendicants. He had them arrested and examined. No slave was thenceforth allowed to beg, as he rightly deemed that the owner who had enjoyed the fruits of his labor during his days of health could well afford to take care of him when overtaken by old age and sickness.* Twelve mendicants were considered real objects of charity, and had licenses given them. These beggars, being either blind or lame, have now the monopoly of the eleemosynary sympathies of the good people of Rio; and, I believe, it is found to be a most profitable business. Some of them are carried in a *rede* by two slaves, or drawn by one; one worthy rejoices in a little carriage pulled by a fat sheep, and another—a footless man—rides on a white horse. Sometimes, in the country-parts of Brazil, beggars whose pedal extremities are free from all derangement, play the cavalier, altogether disdaining to foot it, and seem to receive none the less charity than if they trudged from door to door. Upon one occasion, a female beggar, adorned with a feather in her bonnet and mounted on horseback, rode up to a friend of mine at St. Alexio, and, demanding alms, was exceedingly indignant at any inquiries as to the consistency of her costume. The English proverb is not remarkably complimentary to such mendicants; but a like application is never heard in the land of the Southern Cross."

The following account of the prospects of slavery in Brazil is hopeful:—

"Slavery is doomed in Brazil. As has already been exhibited, where freedom is once obtained, it may be said in general that no social hindrances, as in the United States, can keep down a man of merit. Such hindrances do exist in our country. From the warm regions of Texas to the coldest corner of New England the free black man, no matter how gifted, experiences obstacles to his elevation which are insurmountable. Across that imaginary line which separates the Union from the possessions of Great Britain, the condition of the African socially considered, is not much superior. The Anglo-Saxon race, on this point, differs essentially from the Latin nations. The former may be moved to generous pity for the negro, but will not yield socially. The latter, both in

* The proverb in Portuguese is very forcible—"He who enjoyed the meat may gnaw the bones."

Europe, and the two Americas, have always placed merit before color. Dumas, the mulatto novel-writer, is as much esteemed in France as Dickens or Thackeray are in England. An instance came under my own observation which confirms most strongly the remark made above. In 1849, it was my privilege to attend with a large number of foreigners a *soirée* in Paris, given by M. de Tocqueville, then French Minister of Foreign Affairs. I was introduced to a visitor from the United States, who for the first time looked upon the scenes of the gay capital; and as we proceeded to the refreshment-room, his arm rested on mine. I found that this clergyman, by his intelligence, common sense, and modesty, commanded the admiration of all with whom he came in contact. A few weeks afterward a European university of high repute honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In England, he was looked upon with interest and curiosity; but, had he proposed a social alliance equal to his own station, I doubt if success would have attended his offer. In 1856, the same clergyman was ejected from a New York railway-omnibus, by a conductor who daily permitted, without molestation, filthy foreigners of the lowest European class to occupy seats in the identical car. When the matter was submitted to the courts of justice, the decision sustained the conductor. There was no attempt to place the case on any other ground than that the plaintiff was a man of African descent.

"Thus far reason and Christianity have proved impotent in rooting out this prejudice, or in doing away with these social hindrances which, more than slavery, will ever render the black man 'a hewer of wood and a drawer of water' to the Anglo-American, and which, unjust as they are, I fear can never be eradicated. These insurmountable obstacles, it seems to me, like plain providences, point to Liberia as the nearest land where the North-American-born negro may enjoy the full freedom and the social equality enjoyed by the African descendants in the most enlightened government of South America."

We fear that we must here take our leave of this interesting volume of Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher. Interesting is not the only word we should use; the large insight it

gives us into Brazilian life in all its branches, deserves a more emphatic word: it is highly instructive and fascinating. We have been obliged to pause for want of space; but could we have spared a few more pages, nothing would have afforded us greater satisfaction than to have accompanied Mr. Fletcher in his journeys south and north, and into the interior, and to have culled some of his pleasant—"Dulce est olim acti meminisse laboris,"—adventures and experiences, as well as his studies in natural history, for the benefit of our readers.

There is, however, one point we would not pass over and that is the religious condition of Brazil. We treated of this subject more at large in a notice on Mr. Ewbank's book, and it is, therefore, far from our intention to dwell upon the subject now. Mr. Fletcher found that the monks, so far from resisting his efforts to distribute the Bible, seemed to regard his labors with no hostile or jealous feelings. What did this arise from? Total indifference. The clergy of Brazil are ignorant and corrupt in the last degree; they neglect the education of the people, and are scarcely concerned for that ceremonial attention which is so rigidly exacted in other Catholic countries. But whilst this disgraceful priesthood are indulging in sloth and licentiousness, the people are not altogether forgotten. The government contributes largely to public instruction; useful and practical books are being introduced into the schools; whilst the Holy Scriptures are not interdicted. At present there appears to us, to be only one thing wanting to the full development of Brazilian greatness, and that is the introduction of a pure and elevating system of religion. The ignorance coupled with the indifference of the clergy seems to present a favorable opportunity for disseminating evangelical truths. At all events, the seed of Protestantism has been sown broadcast over the land, and we must wait in patience to see the results.

From Once a Week.

THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA.

It was a strange scene. The wagon was close to the circus, formed indeed part of it—the poor woman was lying on the low shelf, called the bed, of the travelling caravan; two or three of the wives of the men attached to the exhibition were round her, endeavoring by their exertions to relieve momentarily increasing pain, and helping her to bear it patiently by their sympathy.

"He ought to have been here half an hour ago," said one of the women. "Jim started for him on the piebald two hours since?"

"Did he take the piebald?" said another. "Why I thought he was in the *Italian Lovers*?"

"No, he wouldn't run with the spotted mare, so they've put the blind gray with her, and took the piebald in the quadrille for Dick Gravel to take bottom couple with."

The explanation seemed satisfactory, for silence ensued.

Presently a roar of such laughter as is only heard in a circus at a country village,—fresh, genuine, hearty, shook the sides of the frail vehicle.

"What's that?" said the apparently dying woman.

"Only your Bill's Quaker story," said one.

"Oh, then he'll soon be here, won't he?" said she.

"Yes, he's only got three more points, and then he'll come; he don't go in in the Sylph scene."

Three fainter peals of laughter told that the three points had *hit*, but not as well as the Quaker Story; and then he came in.

"Well," said he, "how is she now?" in a voice whose anxiety contrasted most strangely with his tawdry dress, that of tumbling clown at a travelling circus. "How is she now?"

"I'm better, Bill," said the woman. "Can you stop a little?"

"Yes; I don't go in next, its Chapman's turn;" and so saying, the man seated himself by the side of the woman.

She was still young, and as far as the dim light hung from the roof would enable a judgment to be formed, good-looking; the cork-grimed eyebrows, cracked lips, and dry cheeks, told that she too had appeared before the public for its amusement; indeed the traces of rouge were still on parts of the face, and told too truly that she had lain there but

a short time, only since the last evening's performance; indeed, when, during one of her jumps through the hoop, a man putting on his hat startled the horse, and so caused a false step, which brought her heavily to the ground. The experienced ring master saw she could scarcely stand, and handed her out, kissing her hand in the usual style, and few, if any, of the spectators knew that when rapturously applauding the most unparalleled feat, the leap from the horse's back through the hoop to the ground, their applause was unheard by their intended object. She had fainted immediately on reaching the dressing-room, and was at once carried to the moving chamber where she now lay.

But to return. She took his hand in hers, saying: "Bill, I don't think I shall go round any more."

"Don't say so, lass; it'll be all right when the doctor comes."

"No, Bill; I feel better, but something tells me I've put on the togs for the last time."

"No, lass, no!" was all the utterance he could find. "Don't say so!"

After a pause, she said: "Bill, you recollect that London chap with the French name, that came down to the Doncaster races?"

"Oh, yes, I know," said the man, half angrily, as if wishing to avoid the subject.

"Well, you know you said that time that you thought there was something between me and him."

"Well, I know it," said the man, "but don't think of that now; don't trouble about that now."

"But I must, Bill. I think I'm dying, Bill dear, and I should like you to think of me when I'm gone, as I am truly, Bill."

The man made no answer.

"Bill," said the woman, with increasing vehemence of manner, "do you believe I'd tell you a lie now?"

No answer still.

"Bill! Do you think I'd tell you a lie now?" said she, as though her life depended on his answer.

"No, no, lass," said he at last, "I don't think you'd tell a lie any time—but now—" and he hesitated.

"Where's Jenny?" interrupted the woman.

"Here," said one of the youngest women, standing up, so that she might be seen. "What do you want?"

"Jenny, you'll find the key of the green trunk in the china mug with 'Nelly' on it. I wish you'd look in the box, and get me my old Bible out."

The girl found the key, and asked where the box was.

"Oh dear, I forgot, it's under me," said the woman.

"There, never mind," said he, "I don't want any fuss about it."

"O Bill, dear, I wish you'd lift me up a little, and pull it out. You can put the broken chair under to keep me up then."

"No, never mind," said he, "it'll pain you so."

"O Bill, dear, I don't mind, I wish you would."

He did it at last; and, after some trouble and a few suppressed groans, the box was pulled out to the middle of the floor, opened, and there, wrapped up in paper and neatly hid, was the Bible; the paper greasy, from contact with disused headdresses, garlands, bands, and other small accessories of the dress of the Queen of the Arena. They gave it to the woman, who soon asked, "Where's Mary?"

"Oh, she is here now," said one of the women; and a girl about five came running in: she had only been performing the part of a little fairy in the just-finished scene; her wand was still in her hand, and the gauze wings on her shoulders; she took them off, laid down the silvered stick, and came to the bed.

"Mary, dear, are you there?"

"Yes, mother, I'm just done, and the people clapped so when Julia took me on her shoulder."

"Put her on the box, she can't see her," suggested some one: it was pushed to where the child stood, and then the mother said,—

"Mary, I'm going away."

"O mother, where to?"

"But before I go, I want you to see me and father friends again." The child stared with wonder; but the woman, not heeding her, continued: "Bill, dear, have you got the paper off the Bible? Well, open it at the New Testament."

"Here one of you women find it. Jenny, will you?" said the man.

Jenny did it, and gave it back.

"Now, Bill, raise me up a little."

"Oh, never mind," said he, "I know you'll get hurt."

She only looked a repetition of her request; and then taking the open book from his hands, said: "Bill, dear, you know you said there was something wrong between that London chap and me. I told you at the time there was not, and you didn't believe me, though you didn't say so; and you don't believe it now," she said, with increased energy. "Now, Bill, hear me swear that, as I believe I'm a dying woman, there was nothing between us, and this child's your own, as much as Mary, there, is." She kissed the book, and said: "Do you believe me now?"

"Yes, yes," said the man, "I do, I do!" as though some spell over him had broken. "I do, Nell, I do! O Nell! what a fool I've been, and what a coward not to believe it before! O Nell! forgive me, forgive me, I've done you wrong!"

The woman raised herself by a great effort, to reach his hand, and kissing it, said: "I do, Bill. I knew you'd do me justice some day."

"O Nell, it's not too late—not too late! You'll get better, and we'll be as happy as we were before this."

The woman only drew his head to her, and kissed him; while he, roused, kissed her again and again. "You do believe me, don't you, dear?"

"Oh, forgive me, Nell! Oh, forgive me!" were the only words he could find in the rush of his newly found trust.

"Bill's wanted," shouted some one at the door. "Old Whip's called you three times."

"Here's the white, Bill," said Jenny, "you want touching;" and she brought it, and stood with the lamp while he painted out the traces of tears on his cheeks in front of a broken looking-glass.

"The red will do, Bill; go on, or you'll have him in here, and she won't like that."

Bill went out, and the doctor arrived a few minutes afterwards. He was a short, stout, good-humored looking man, with a brisk way of speaking, that at once secured obedience.

"Now, then," said he, "what's amiss? I could make nothing of that fellow you sent after me. Ah!" said he, altering his tone as his eyes, growing used to the light, took in the woman's face on the bed.

"What do they call you?" turning to the youngest of the assembled women.

"Jenny, sir."

"Will you stop? All the rest go."

The women grumblingly obeyed, and he stooped down to examine his patient.

"When did this happen, Jenny?"

"Last night, sir."

"Why didn't you send before?"

"We did send to one here in the village, but he wouldn't come, because she belonged to the circus. He sent her this," handing him a paper.

"Umph! 'The World and its Amusements on the Broad Way.' Just like that sanctimonious Jennings. Sends the woman a tract, and lets her suffer all day long."

"Doctor," said the sick woman, "how long can I live?"

"Live, woman! why, you're good for another forty years yet."

"No, doctor, I'm not—I feel I'm not long for this world."

"Oh! all nonsense!" said he, "you'll soon get over this." And with like comforting assurances he sought to raise her from her depressed condition. In about ten minutes he went to the door and said, "Come in here, one of you, while I go to the gig." He soon came back, and the woman remained with him.

In a little while the Clown came up to the group of women outside the door, and leaning in all attitudes against the sides and steps of the wagon.

"Well, has he come?"

"Yes, he has been in this quarter of an hour."

"What does he say?"

"Oh! she'll do," he says, didn't he?" said one of them, turning to another for confirmation.

He soon left, and his voice was heard shouting some old witticism of the ring as though there were no such thing as sick wives and doctors in the world. In a few minutes more he came again quite out of breath from a last somersault, the approbation of which was still heard. Seeing the door partially open he entered, and his face looked joyous, as the wail of a child greeted him.

"Which is it? A boy?"

"Yes," said Jenny.

The answer was unheard by him, for there—stretched out in death—lay the mother. Contrary to the doctor's expectation the accident and premature delivery had caused her death.

Yes! There she lay; the hollow, sunken eyes—made unnaturally bright by the traces of rouge upon her cheeks—the jaw fallen. Death was evidently there and he saw it. She with whom he had hoped to share all the cares and joys of life; now that the only difference they had ever had was removed. She was dead! The man seemed stunned. A strange pair they looked;—he in the motley and paint of his calling; she—dead!

"Bear up, Bill," said Jenny, approaching him with the child; "it's a boy, Bill; and she wanted it to be called after you."

The man seemed not to hear, but, walking up to the bed, and taking one of the dead hands in his, kissed it gently, as though afraid of waking her; and then, as though his loss had just been realized, muttered, "Dead! dead!" and lay down, his face close to hers, kissing the fast cooling lips with frantic earnestness.

"Dead—dead—dead!" still came between his choking sobs. To him the women, moving to and fro in offices about the child, were not: to him, useless was the doctor's farewell. "Dead—dead—dead!" and the heaving chest and bursting eye-balls found relief in tears.

"There, don't take on so, Bill!" said one, trying to raise him; "don't take on so hard, Bill!"

She might as well have spoken to the box on which he half sat, half leaned, as he hung over his dead wife. They then tried to get to close the staring eyes; but a look which appalled them shook their nerves too much to allow of a second trial. A noise outside now attracted them to the door.

"What's the matter, now?"

"Matter, enough!" said a harsh, grating voice. "Here's Chapman so drunk he can't go in, and Bill's skulking because his wife's sick; there never was a fellow in the ring worse treated than I am."

"She is dead, Whips," said one, pointing with her thumb back to the wagon.

"Dead!" said he.

"Yes; and he's there, too."

"Well, if that ain't too bad," said he; "here's the last scene before the quadrille, and no clown—it'll ruin the circus. The second night too; her last night's jump has filled the place—there ain't standing room—and they've been calling for her all the even-

ing. Dead," said he again, as though his loss were caused by her neglect. "Who'd have thought it? What's to be done?"

"Can't you make Chapman do?"

"No, he's a fool any time to Bill, and now he's drunk he's no use at all. What's to be done? I don't know."

Here he was obliged to leave, for the uproar in the circus was deafening. "Clown! Clown!" was the only cry they would make. In vain did Whips drive the horses faster and faster, till the "Corsican Brothers" were nearly in a horizontal position with their speed; nothing would appease the now excited people.

Whips came out again. "Where's Bill?" said he.

"Here, Bill," said Jenny, "Whips wants you."

"Who wants me?" said the man.

"Here, Bill, I do," said the voice at the door.

Jenny gave the child to one of the women, took him by the arm, and led him to the door.

"Bill," said Whips, "here's Chapman as drunk as a beast, and the people crying out for you like mad. *Can't* you go?"

"Go!" said he, pointing to the body.

"How *can* I go? No, I *can't* go."

"Well, Bill, you *must*; it's only the second night, here's the queen away and no clown."

"Well, there's only the Indian warrior to go in," said Bill.

"Well, I know that, but what's the good of him without somebody to give him his things? What's the good of my giving him his club and bow, or the paddle either? No, Bill, you must go: it won't do to send in any one else now, they'll pull the place down."

Here another and louder cry reached them.

"There now," said Whips, "that's it; there's the "Corsican Brothers" has been agoing round this quarter of an hour, till they're sick of it, and the gray'll be so lame to-morrow she won't stir a peg. It's no use, Bill, you must go."

"I can't, Whips; it'll be no use if I do."

"Oh, yes, you will; you *must* go, or I'll have to throw up the agreement, and you know you've overdrawed your money this last two weeks."

"Well, I know it," said the man, evidently irresolute now at this threat.

"Well, then, go in if it's only for a minute.

Here, take a drink of this, it will give you heart."

The man took the proffered flask and drank deeply.

"Well," said Whips, "you'll go, Bill, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll go," said the man, "go on."

They left the wagon, and the repeated rounds of applause showed that the public was satisfied. The clown was never more witty, never more agile. Somersault after somersault, leap after leap was taken with a recklessness that nothing could equal; again and again the encores of the elite, and the bravos of the vulgar, spurred his exertions. At last it ended, and the quadrille came on. The clown left the ring, with the plaudits ringing in his ears, and came to the wagon to find—Alas! What?

At the conclusion of the quadrille those in the wagon heard a cry.

"What is it?" said the man, now in his old position, close to the body, with her hand locked in his, and his eyes fixed on her face.

"What's that?"

"They're calling for *her*," said Jenny, pointing to the form in the bed.

There was a lull, and then a long thunder of clapping hands and stamping feet, rose and died away.

"What's that last?" asked the woman holding the child, of a person entering.

"Oh! they called for the queen, and old Whips made a speech, and said she was rather unwell, and could not appear, but would most likely be better to-morrow, when she would again perform her celebrated feat of leaping through the hoop to the ground."

"Well, my dears," said the doctor, at the supper-table to his children, "how did you like it?"

"Oh! we didn't see the queen, father."

"No?"

"No, not at all; the man in the ring said she was not well, but would be there to-morrow, and the clown was so good, father, in the scene with the savage."

"Was he, my dear. Do you know why you didn't see the queen?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. Because she was *dead*. That clown was her husband, I left him kissing her dead lips, and I dare say he is there now. It's a strange world this! Such a sight as that I never saw before, and hope never to see again."

A. S. H.

From Gilbert's History of Dublin.
TRIFLING WITH ETERNITY.

THE late Earl of Rosse, says a writer of the middle of the last century, was in character and disposition, like the humorous Earl of Rochester; he had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the *beau monde* call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could do; and finally his health beyond repair. . . . Some asserted, that he dealt with the Devil; established a Hell-fire Club at the Eagle Tavern on Cork-hill. Be it as it will, his Lordship's character was torn to pieces everywhere, except at the Groom Porter's, where he was a man of honor; and at the taverns, where none surpassed him in generosity. Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbor, the Rev. John Madden [Vicar of St. Anne's and Dean of Kilmore], a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life, the particulars of which he mentioned, such as profligacy, gaming, drinking, rioting, turning day into night, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness; and exhorting him in the tenderest manner to employ the few moments that remained to him, in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear. It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of Kildare was one of the most pious noblemen of the age, and in every respect a contrast in character to Lord Rosse. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover), he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up, and directed to the Earl of Kildare: he likewise prevailed on the Dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate, puny little, man extremely formal and delicate, inasmuch that when he was married to Lady Mary O'Brien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off to embrace her. From this single instance may be judged with what surprise and indig-

nation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her Ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it as he could possibly be, but withal observed the letter was not written in the style of a madman and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin [Dr. John Hoadly] about it. Accordingly, his Lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner: "Pray my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a profligate, a gamester, a rioter, and every thing that's base and infamous?"—"You, my Lord," said the Bishop, "every one knows that you are the pattern of humility, godliness, and virtue."—"Well, my Lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and reverend divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?"—"Surely," answered his Grace, "no man in his senses, that knew your Lordship, would presume to do it; and if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your Lordship will have satisfaction from the spiritual court."—"Upon this, Lord Kildare delivered to his Grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the Dean's servant, and which both the Archbishop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's handwriting. The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who, happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his Grace advised Lord Kildare to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed with the gentleman about it, which his Lordship accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace, looking very sternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter? The Dean answered, "I did, my Lord."—"Mr. Dean, I always thought you a man of sense and prudence, but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men; to throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain: besides, sir, you have by this means laid yourself open to a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court, which will either oblige you publicly to recant what you have said, or give

up your possessions in the Church."—"My Lord," answered the Dean, "I never either think, act, or write any thing, for which I am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth; and if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer patiently the severest penalties in justification of it."—And so saying, the Dean retired with some emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord Kildare went home, and sent for a proctor of the spiritual court, to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the mean time the Archbishop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house

and recommended him to ask my Lord's pardon, before the matter became public.—"Ask his pardon," said the Dean, "why the man is dead!"—"What! Lord Kildare dead?"—"No, Lord Rosse."—"Good Heaven," said the Archbishop, "did you not send a letter yesterday to Lord Kildare?"—"No, truly, my Lord, but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Rosse, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did." Upon examining the servant, the whole mistake was rectified, and the Dean saw, with real regret, that Lord Rosse died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The poor footman lost his place by the jest, and was, indeed, the only sufferer for my Lord's last piece of humor.

A DECISION which has surprised the Paris public has just been confirmed by the tribunals. M. Debains, the inventor of the self-playing organ or piano, called by malicious rivals the Barbary piano, had thought himself entitled to allow his organ to play of its own accord whatever airs it chose, and as its taste was of the best, of course it chose the first music by the first composers. Meyerbeer, Rossini, Auber, all played their tunes beneath the influence of the barrel within the Barbary piano, and nobody complained, when suddenly up rise the whole horde of musical editors of Paris, and claim the airs thus played by the innocent piano as their property. In vain M. Debains pretends to assert that the instrument is but a passive one in the hands of the player who turns the barrel. The whole machine is condemned as piratical, and M. Debains is sentenced to pay a heavy fine and a royalty to the publisher of every air his barrel-piano plays, has played, or will ever play for the future.

Galignani relates the following respecting the well-known *chef d'orchestre* M. Jullien: "Having come to Paris in May last he was arrested for the non-payment of a bill of exchange given to a M. Chapelle; but, in order to obtain his release from prison he had himself declared a bankrupt. On Thursday M. Delepierre, who holds the bill of exchange, and who had opposed his discharge, applied to the Tribunal of Commerce to order the declaration of bankruptcy to be set aside, on the ground that M. Jullien had been naturalized an Englishman, and could not therefore enjoy the privileges of a Frenchman in a case of bankruptcy. Jullien, in reply, represented that as the letters of naturalization he

had obtained in England stipulated that he could be neither a member of Parliament, nor a minister of the Crown, nor a grand dignitary of state, he could not be considered an English subject, but only as a denizen of England: that letters of full naturalization in England can only be accorded by Parliament, whereas his had been given by a minister; and that having returned to France, he had recovered his French nationality. But the Tribunal held that, having obtained all the rights and privileges of a British subject, absent from certain restrictions, allowed by an Act of Parliament of 1832, and having taken the oath of submission and allegiance to the Queen of England, he was a naturalized Englishman, and consequently could not be declared a bankrupt in France. In consequence of this decision an application made by Jullien to be set at liberty was rejected."

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S NERVOUS SHOCKS.—The Paris correspondent of the *London Court Journal* states that the Emperor Louis Napoleon ever since the battle of Solferino, is said to have suffered so intensely from nervous shocks that sleep has entirely abandoned him; and that, consequently, he has been compelled to turn night into day, and by transacting business after midnight, obtains a slight degree of repose at dawn. The form of torture which this distressing disease has taken is that of hallucination of the most impressive kind, nothing less than the most horrible and sickening scenes of the battle being enacted over again each night visibly to the eye—no effect of the imagination, no image of the fevered brain, but in all their brute horror and ghastly carnage.

From *The Literary Gazette*.

Shelley Memorials. Edited by Lady Shelley.
Smith and Elder.

EVERY thing bearing on the life and character of Shelley must needs have intense interest for us all; in chief part, perhaps, because the outer circumstances of his career were so few, and are so well known that any new reading comes like a new fact, with all the excitement and delight of a discovery. Not long since the public were startled, disappointed, and shocked, by a couple of volumes which pretended to be the real life of Shelley as set forth by one of his nearest and most trusted friends; one, too, whose name had always been associated with his, and whose very life had been influenced by the accidents which had moulded his own. From this near friend it was but reasonable to expect a worthy and appreciative memoir—one that would, at the least, speak lovingly and with sympathy, if not with full comprehension of that wonderful genius which so few can rightly understand. But instead of this, a very sad and painful book was put out—mean in spirit and false in inference—a book that exaggerated all the small weaknesses inseparable from humanity, and left the genius and the beauty, the truth and the love undelineated, save by the faintest touches; or, rather, when it touched them at all, caricatured, and rendered them ridiculous. From that book no one could gather any worthy memorials of Shelley or his surroundings. That Harriet was stupid, pretty, prosaic, and lymphatic; that her sister Eliza was perpetually combing her hair; that Shelley was untidy, inconsequent, careless of money, and credulous of the "For Ever" of all he liked; that he had strange moody fits which lasted through hours of lonely meditation; and that he and his generally managed to be exceedingly uncomfortable in their domestic arrangements, pretty well comprise all the new lights which Mr. Hogg cast on the subject. It was not, to say the least of it, a generous rendering of that sweet and lovely nature; and Shelley's family had the right to feel hurt and indignant at the use—misuse, rather—of the documents which they themselves had given up to this unfit biographer. It was more than disappointment at a work badly executed; it was indignation at a breach of trust. This, then, was the origin of Lady Shelley's book. Warmly admiring, as she does, the transcen-

dent genius of her husband's father, and proud of the name which she has made her own, she has entered the lists as the champion of the nobleness and beauty which Mr. Hogg practically denied, thinking to rehabilitate by her reverent love what the irreverence and prosaic commonplace of the other had destroyed. We are sorry she was not stronger for her task. Her book is well written, and lovingly and feelingly conceived; but whether she has been checked by her own timidity, or by some false kind of respect for the feelings of people yet living, or whether, indeed, she has had no more explanatory material than what she has put forth, the fact is the same—she has stumbled into a very weak and unfinished work, which will do nothing for the furtherance of Shelley's fame, though much for the satisfaction and expression of her own love.

In truth Shelley's was not a nature to be written of lightly, or by even affectionate incapacity. The fine subtle threads of which a being so sensitive and delicate as he was composed brook no rude handling, no weak or blundering grasp. We must be on the level of our work to do it thoroughly or well; and to thoroughly understand each other implies equal powers of comprehension if not of origination. It is not enough to love, nor yet to worship: loyal heart does not necessarily include understanding brain; and where Lady Shelley has failed is precisely where almost all biographers of great minds fail—in the want of capacity to make themselves one with and equal to their subject. Is not this the inevitable short-coming of the smaller calibre? If then, we say, that the poet's gifted daughter-in-law has not been able to compass the full might and glory of one whom his contemporaries misjudged, and his very friends could not understand, we say nothing disparaging of her relative abilities. That she should have been able to write a fitting *Life of Shelley* would have argued her his equal, and proved her possessed of powers as rare as his own; that she has written a loving, weak, unsatisfactory, and reverent memoir, is all that we could expect from her, and better than what others have done.

Of Shelley's outward life nothing new is here told us. The painful mistake of "Harriet" is quietly touched on, and her still more painful death but slightly alluded to. It was not likely that the wife of Mary God-

win's son should speak either warmly or at length about ties which Mary Godwin's love helped to sunder. But we have nothing depreciatory, such as Mr. Hogg favored us with, while speaking with patronizing tenderness of "the good Harriet," whose portrait he was so unmercifully caricaturing. It is evidently an unwelcome theme, and the task is got over as soon as possible. That strange Welsh mystery, too, remains as much a mystery as ever; and who was the would-be assassin, and why there was a would-be assassin at all, is just as great a secret now as it was forty years ago. It was not a dream. Harriet's testimony is too direct for that supposition: but it never seems to have been cleared up, at least for the public; and if Shelley knew who was his assailant, and why, Shelley's family have kept the secret wonderfully well. Letters are spoken of as still kept back from the world, but which when published, will "make the story of his life complete;"—letters "which few now living, except Shelley's own children, have ever perused." It is a pity that his life should have again been written in this fragmentary manner. Whatever Lady Shelley has relating to him, of truth and interest, ought to have appeared in a volume which she has put forth confessedly as a vindication of his name, "to give a truthful statement of long-distorted facts, and to clear away the mist in which the misrepresentations of foes and professed friends have obscured the memory of Shelley." This is exactly what she has not done; has she been afraid to be candid? For instance, speaking of Harriet's death and the cause of their separation, she quotes Mary Godwin's words—words which were delicate and applicable enough then, but which cannot touch the question now, after the lapse of so many years, and in the presence of another generation. Yet it was due to Shelley to tell all the truth, honestly and without reservation. His character has suffered quite enough by these half-confidences, these half-memoirs, of which the result is wholly false. Let Lady Shelley take our advice, and publish all that she has in her possession by which the real character of one of England's greatest poets may be known, so the world be enabled to judge him fairly. Else men say, and with apparent justice, that what she has kept back would do no honor to her subject; and that she has not published the truth, because she has not dared

to do so. This is what she and Mary Godwin say of the separation:—

"Towards the close of 1813, estrangements, which for some time had been slowly growing between Mr. and Mrs. Shelley came to a crisis. Separation ensued; and Mrs. Shelley returned to her father's house. Here she gave birth to her second child—a son, who died in 1826.

"The occurrences of this painful epoch in Shelley's life, and of the causes which led to them, I am spared from relating. In Mary Shelley's own words:—'This is not the time to relate the truth; and I should reject any coloring of the truth. No account of these events has ever been given at all approaching reality in their details, either as regards himself or others; nor shall I further allude to them than to remark, that the errors of action committed by a man as noble and generous as Shelley, may, as far as he only is concerned, be fearlessly avowed by those who loved him, in the firm conviction that, were they judged impartially, his character would stand in fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary.'

"Of those remaining who were intimate with Shelley at this time, each has given us a different version of this sad event, colored by his own views and personal feelings. Evidently Shelley confided to none of these friends. We, who bear his name, and are of his family, have in our possession papers written by his own hand, which in after years may make the story of his life complete, and which few now living, except Shelley's own children, have ever perused.

"One mistake which has gone forth to the world, we feel ourselves called upon positively to contradict.

"Harriet's death has sometimes been ascribed to Shelley. This is entirely false. There was no immediate connection whatever between her tragic end and any conduct on the part of her husband. It is true, however, that it was a permanent source of the deepest sorrow to him; for never during all his after life did the dark shade depart which had fallen on his gentle and sensitive nature from the self-sought grave of the companion of his early youth."

Again, we have another provoking mystery for those who cannot supply names and data, in the glimpse which she affords of a certain scandal set afloat during the Italian sojourn. Asterisk and hiatus make up the "details" from which Lady Shelley is soon "anxious to pass." Unless we had known what was alluded to, we had been as much in the dark as every ordinary reader will be, but we give the story as we find it, to prove the reason—

ableness of our complaint of Lady Shelley's inordinate reticence.

"MY DEAREST MARY.—I arrived last night at ten o'clock, and sat up talking with Lord Byron until five o'clock this morning. I then went to sleep, and now awake at eleven, and, having despatched my breakfast as quick as possible mean to devote the interval until twelve, when the post departs, to you. . . .

"Lord Byron has told me of a circumstance that shocks me exceedingly, because it exhibits a degree of desperate and wicked malice for which I am at a loss to account. When I hear such things, my patience and my philosophy are put to a severe proof, whilst I refrain from seeking out some obscure hiding-place, where the countenance of man may never meet me more.

"Imagine my despair of good;—imagine how it is possible that one of so weak and sensitive a nature as mine can run further the gauntlet through this hellish society of men. You should write to the Hoppners a letter refuting the charge, in case you believe and know, and can prove that it is false; stating the grounds and proofs of your belief. I need not dictate what you should say; nor, I hope, inspire you with warmth to rebut a charge which you only effectually *can* rebut."

"To this letter, Mrs. Shelley thus replied:—

"MY DEAR SHELLEY,—Shocked beyond all measure as I was, I instantly wrote the enclosed. If the task be not too dreadful, pray copy it for me. I cannot.

"Read that part of your letters which contains the accusation. I tried, but I could not write it. I think I could as soon have died. I send also Elise's last letter: enclose it or not, as you think best.

"I wrote to you with far different feelings last night, beloved friend. Our bark is indeed "tempest-tost;" but love me as you have ever done, and God preserve my child to me, and our enemies shall not be too much for us. Consider well if Florence be a fit residence for us. I love, I own, to face danger; but I would not be imprudent.

"Pray get my letter to Mrs. H. copied, for a thousand reasons. Adieu, dearest! Take care of yourself—all yet is well. The shock for me is over, and I now despise the slander; but it must not pass uncontradicted. I sincerely thank Lord Byron for his kind belief. Affectionately yours.

"M. W. S."

"Friday.

"Do not think me imprudent in mentioning C.'s illness at Naples. It is well to meet facts. They are as cunning as wicked. I have read over my letter; it is written in

haste; but it were as well that the first burst of feeling should be expressed. No letters."

"From Shelley to Mrs. Shelley.

"Thursday, Ravenna.

"I have received your letter with that to Mrs. Hoppner. I do not wonder, my dearest friend, that you should have been moved. I was at first; but speedily regained the indifference which the opinion of any thing or anybody, except our own consciences amply merits, and day by day shall more receive from me. I have not recopied your letter—such a measure would destroy its authenticity—but have given it to Lord Byron, who has engaged to send it, with his own comments, to the Hoppners.

"People do not hesitate, it seems, to make themselves panders and accomplices to slander; for the Hoppners had exacted from Lord Byron that these accusations should be concealed from me. Lord Byron is not a man to keep a secret, good or bad; but, in openly confessing that he has not done so, he must observe a certain delicacy, and therefore wished to send the letter himself; and indeed this adds weight to your representations.

"Have you seen the article in the *Literary Gazette* on me? They evidently allude to some story of this kind. However cautious the Hoppners have been in preventing the calumniated person from asserting his justification, you know too much of the world not to be certain that this was the utmost limit of their caution. So much for nothing.

"My greatest comfort would be utterly to desert all human society. I would retire with you and our children to a solitary island in the sea; would build a boat, and shut upon my retreat the floodgates of the world. I would read no reviews, and talk with no authors. If I dared trust my imagination, it would tell me that there are one or two chosen companions, besides yourself, whom I should desire. But to this I would not listen. Where two or three are gathered together, the devil is among them; and good, far more than evil, impulse—love, far more than hatred—has been to me, except as you have been its object, the source of all sorts of mischief. So, on this plan, I would be *alone*, and would devote, either to oblivion or to future generations, the overflowings of a mind which, timely withdrawn from the contagion, should be kept fit for no baser object. But this it does not appear that we shall do.

"The other side of the alternative (for a medium ought not to be adopted) is to form for ourselves a society of our own class, as much as possible, in intellect or in feelings; and to connect ourselves with the interests of that society. Our roots never struck so

deeply as at Pisa, and the transplanted tree flourishes not. People who lead the lives which we led until last winter, are like a family of Wahabe Arabs pitching their tent in the middle of London. We must do one thing or the other: for yourself—for our child—for our existence. The calumnies, the sources of which are probably deeper than we perceive, have ultimately for object the depriving us of the means of security and subsistence. You will easily perceive the gradations by which calumny proceeds to pretext, pretext to persecution, and persecution to the ban of fire and water. It is for this—and not because this or that fool, or the whole court of fools curse and rail—that calumny is worth refuting or chastising.”

We have made a long extract, partly to illustrate Lady Shelley's mode of relating anecdotes, partly as affording a very good portrait of Shelley in some of his moods. How the heart, which was so full of love and gentleness, could be stung to wrath, and wounded to intensest bitterness, is no secret to those who knew him. It was in this wrath and bitterness that his manhood asserted itself; that he ceased to be the mere intellectual thinker, the mere day-dream poet, the simple virtuous youth, loving and guileless, which else he might have become. The passionate curse, the wild agony of rage at the sight of sin and wrong, the thunderbolts hurled against injustice and tyranny, the scorn flung down like poison upon evil deeds and evil-doers, were so many attestations of the manhood and the power within, which not all his saintly pity, not all his feminine love, had weakened or destroyed. Had Shelley been without anger, he had been simply without mental manhood.

The painful story of that terrible day at Spezzia is told again, when the two unhappy wives watched and prayed through the raging storm, while their husbands lay dead beneath the surging waves; and then we come to those

wild dramatic obsequies, when the bodies were burnt on the dark shores, with Byron, Hunt, and Trelawny, and a file of dark-browed soldiers, as the mourners and assistants. No personal event in modern history is equal for dramatic effect to that blazing funeral pyre of frankincense, wine, and oil, with the poet's heart unconsumed and inconsumable in the midst. It was a fitting funeral for Shelley, himself as pure as fire and as ardent. Some of Mrs. Shelley's letters are given, written just after the death of her husband. We know of nothing more tender, truthful, or affecting than they are. We see her as she wanders on her lonely way in her widowed pale despair, and that desolation which nothing may ever gladden or make light again; and we can almost hear her voice in those frantic words of love and anguish which fall like burning tears upon the page. She never recovered that fatal loss; and though she lived for many years after, she lived with only half a life—one part buried in the Roman cemetery, the other simply watching her son's career, and waiting patiently but anxiously for the hour of her own release. Mary Woolstonecraft's daughter knew what it was to love, and Shelley's wife could not find consolation in any thing less glorious than her past.

In conclusion we must say again, rather as a recapitulation than any thing else, that we are disappointed in these “Memorials,” because they, too, like all that have gone before, are fragmentary and incomplete. We earnestly call on Lady Shelley to lay before the world what further material soever she may have, either with or without comment, that men may thus be better able to do justice to the memory of one whose genius is unquestioned, and whose virtues all are prepared lovingly to confess. It surely is not for Shelley's fame that any of the *truth* concerning him should be longer hidden.

COLERIDGE, speaking of the zest for new truth felt by those already well instructed, as compared with the different mental appetite of the ignorant, says:—“The water-lily, in the

midst of the water, opens its leaves and expands its petals to the first pattering of the shower, and rejoices in the rain-drops with a quicker sympathy than does the parched shrub in the desert.”

From The Literary Gazette.
SOURCE OF THE NILE.

THE great problem of the source of the Nile, which has occupied the attention of the world during so many ages, may now be considered as definitively solved. The number of the Proceedings of the Geographical Society just published, contains the report of a meeting of the Society, at which Captain Speke (who had only returned to England two days previously) gave an account of his travels in the centre of the African continent. Speaking of Captain Burton and himself, he says: "After arriving at Zanzibar we had to wait a considerable time, some months, until the masika, or rainy season, would be over, before we could penetrate into the interior. At the close of this season, Captain Burton and myself left Zanzibar with a caravan, mustering about eighty men; having previously sent on some supplies in anticipation of our arrival. Unable to collect a sufficient caravan for the conveyance of our kit, we purchased a number of donkeys (about thirty). Thus completed, and with an escort of twelve Belooch soldiers, given us by Prince Majid, we commenced our journey westward, and arrived at Zungomero, a village situated under the coast range, which struck us as bearing a good comparison with the western ghauts of India. We might call this range the eastern ghauts of Africa. There we were detained by severe illness a considerable time. Afterwards we crossed these eastern ghauts, the maximum altitude of which I ascertained to be about six thousand feet. On the western side of this longitudinal chain of hills we alighted on an elevated plateau, an almost dead flat, ranging in level from three thousand to four thousand feet above the sea. Here we had cold easterly winds continuing through the entire year. Proceeding onwards, we arrived at the Tanganyika Lake, called by the Arabs, Sea Ujiji, a local name, taken from the country on the eastern margin of the lake, whither they go to traffic for ivory and slaves. This lake is in a singular synclinal depression; I found its elevation to be only eighteen hundred feet; whereas the surrounding country (the plateau), as I said before, averaged from three thousand to four thousand feet. The lake is encircled at its northern extremity by a half-moon-shaped range of hills, the height of which I estimated to be at least six thousand feet. They may

extend to a height much greater than that. After exploring this lake we returned by the former route to Unyanyembe, an Arab depôt, situated in latitude 5° south, and about 33° east longitude. My companion, Captain Burton, unable to proceed further, remained here; whilst I, taking just sufficient provisions for a period of six weeks, made a rapid march due north, to latitude $2^{\circ} 30'$ south; and there discovered the southern extremity of the Nyanza, a lake called by the Arabs Ukerewe, a local name for an island on it, to which the merchants go in quest of ivory. The altitude of this lake is equal to the general plateau (four thousand feet), even more than the average height of all the plateau land we traversed. In reverting to the question asked, why I consider the Lake Nyanza to be the great reservoir to the Nile, my answer is this: I find by observation, that its southern extremity lies in east longitude 33° , and south latitude $2^{\circ} 30'$. By Arab information, in which I place implicit confidence, I have heard that the waters extend thence, in a northerly direction, certainly from five to six degrees. Notwithstanding they can account for a continuous line of water to this extent, no one ever heard of any limit or boundary to the northern end of the Lake. A Sowahili merchant assured me that, when engaged in traffic some years previously, to the northward of the Line and the westward of this lake, he had heard it commonly reported that large vessels frequented the northern extremity of these waters, in which the officers engaged in navigating them used sextants and kept a log, precisely similar to what is found in vessels on the Ocean. Query, Could this be in allusion to the expedition sent by Mahamad Ali up the Nile in former years? Concerning the rains which flood the Nile, the argument is simple, as I have said before: a group of mountains overhang the northern bed of the Tanganyika Lake. The Arabs assure us that from the north and north-eastern slopes of these hills during the rainy season immense volumes of water pour down in a north-easterly direction, traversing a flat, marshy land, intersected by some very large, and many (they say one hundred and eighty) smaller streams. Again on the western side, we hear from Dr. Krapf, that the snow-clad mountain, Kœnia, is drained by rivers on its western slopes in a direction tending to my lake. During the rainy season, which I know,

by inspection, commences in that region on the 15th of November, and ends on the 15th of May, the down-pour is pretty continuous. Suffice it to say, that I saw the Malagarazi river, which emanates from near the axis of these hills, to be in a highly flooded state on the 5th of June. The Nile at Cairo regularly swells on the 18th of June. Further, it would be highly erroneous to suppose that the Nile could have any great fluctuations from any other source than periodical rains. Were the Nile supplied by snow, as some theorists suppose, its perennial volume would ever be the same. There would be no material fluctuations observable in it, in consequence of its constant and near approximation to the path of the sun. By these discoveries, the old and erroneous hypothesis of a high latitudinal range of mountains extending across the continent of Africa from east to west, in the vicinity of the Line, and known as the Mountains of the Moon, is therefore now annihilated. However, it is worthy of remark, that the

crescent-shaped mountain, which we visited to the northward of the Tanganyika, lies in the centre of the continent of Africa, immediately due west of the snowy peaks Kilimanjaro and Kœnia, and is west beyond the Unyamuezi, or Country of the Moon. The Wanyamuezi tribe, which inhabits this district, and whose name signifies People of the Moon, has from time immemorial been addicted to travelling, and has constantly visited the eastern coast, for the purpose of bringing down ivory to barter for other commodities; and it is highly probable that the hills lying beyond their country should have given rise to the term, Mountains of the Moon, and have been the means of misguiding all previous inquirers about that mysterious mountain. But now there can be no doubt that the Lake Nyanza is the great reservoir of the Nile, extending from 2° 30' south, to 3° 30' north latitude, lying across the equator, and so washing out the Mountains of the Moon as at present existing in our atlases."

DERIVATIONS OF ENGLISH WORDS.—On Dean Trench's assertion that "Hoyden" is derived from "Heathen," a Correspondent (J. D.) suggests that "*Hoyden* is more probably from the Celtic *hoeden*, a flirt, a romping, merry girl; *hoedena*, to play the hoyden. The root *hoed* must have signified originally *life* (*hoedl* has still this meaning), and *hoeden*, or *hoyden*, is equivalent to 'the vivacious one,' or, *Anglice*, 'the lively one,'—the termination *en* being often used to express a single person of a class, as *had*, seed; *haden*, a single seed." The same Correspondent says of the word *lumber*, that it "need not be connected with the Lombards. The word, or its equivalent, is used among races to whom the Lombards were not so familiar as pawnbrokers are among ourselves. The Danish *lumpe*, Germ., *lumpen*, rags, trumpery, from which are derived the Dan. *lumperi*, Germ. *lumperei*, will furnish a better derivation. In our provincial dialects, *lumber* means mischief; and a heavy, lumbering fellow is one who strikes awkwardly against any thing in his way. These various meanings find a common source in the Low German *lumpen*, to strike or knock against a thing,—whence *lompe*, any thing struck or torn off, rags, trumpery. In fact, it is impossible to explain the words of the English language without a competent knowledge of the Celtic and

Low German languages,—particularly, in the latter class, the Lower Saxon and the Old Friesic."—Another Correspondent (T. S. T.), writes on the word "Poach":—"To *poatch* land, in Scotch, is to trample upon it, or work it while wet, so as to spoil it—(cogn. *Botch*) make it into hard lumps—(cogn. *pocher*, to give one a swollen eye; *pocher*, to pucker up; *pocher*, a pocket; *poach*, eggs). Hence, to poatch land, or poach game, is to meddle with them in an improper manner, or at an improper time—wrongly or wrongfully, injudiciously or illegally. The primitive idea seems to be, to bundle or cram together, so as to raise up or thicken—to pack; *pack*, adj., and thick, in Scotland, mean close or intimate. The protuberance arising from packing may be considered from without or from within—*Bagge*, O. Eng., to swell; *Bag*, Scot., to distend; *Baggie*, swollen or thick."—*Athenæum*.

THE Publishers' Circular says that Mrs. Stowe, authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is now in England, engaged upon her new tale, a portion of which has already appeared under the title "The Minister's Wooing." The work is expected to be complete about the beginning of October next.

From The Athenæum.

PHILADELPHIA ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE face you see in the glass is not truly your own. The laudation you see in advertisements, though quoted as yours, is often no more your own. As the face is twisted and inverted, so as to resemble you no more than a sixpenny photograph, so the paragraph in which you mildly tolerated Jones' commonplace, by a little twist and inversion of your words, becomes highly laudatory and wholly unlike. This may be done by dropping out a qualifying clause, by bringing two remote sentences together, by a change of punctuation, or even by quoting as earnest what is said in irony and jest. Some of our London firms exhibit no slight skill in this fine art; but the Americans beat them from the field. Untroubled by scruple of conscience or shame of face, American houses make the articles they want to quote, and with an audacity certainly unknown in England, fix the fabricated praise on the journal which in their opinion carries the greater weight. An instance is before us as we write. A lady, whose name we will not print, for we cannot say how far she may be free from blame, has written a story, the title of which we, at present, suppress, not wishing to do the lady harm. It is published by "T. B. Peterson and Brothers, No. 306, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia." In the advertisements to which these names are subscribed, the public are told to "read the following opinions of the press." Then come two extracts. The first, which is subscribed "London Athenæum," runs:—

"Here is a work which stands out, amid the fictional issues of the present season, like a pure diamond in the midst of paltry paste.

It is one of the most fervid and impressive narratives that has ever fallen from the press. With a power possessed by no female writer of our day, unless it be by the lamented Grace Aguilar, or the singularly gifted Ellen Pickering, its fair author strikes, on every page, for the hearts and intellects of her readers, and rarely fails to touch the first, or take the latter captive. As a picture of the vast power of the great Master Passion, it has scarcely ever been approached—certainly never excelled. What Raphael was among ordinary artists, this work is among works of fiction; and as but few ever reached the lofty platform occupied by that great artist, so we can point to but a very limited number of modern works which, for beauty, freshness, power, and gorgeousness of execution, will compare with —, by —."—London Athenæum!!!!

—We need not say that no one word of this slip-slop ever appeared in the *Athenæum*. It is pure fabrication. The second extract is from the "*London Times*." It runs:—

"The fair author of — has done herself and her work full justice. If, in writing this book, her object was to win a name and place among the great, she has accomplished her object. — is a creation which calls for and compels the admiration of all men, and one which will carry the name and fame of the writer down to its latest posterity."—London *Times*!!!!

—Of course this is also spurious. We answer for it that the *Times*, like the *Athenæum*, has never heard the name which it is made to aver that this wonderful story will carry down to the latest posterity. Pray, Mr. T. B. Peterson, who wrote these complimentary extracts? Who forged for you the signatures of the *Times* and *Athenæum*? Are such things recognized as the legitimate morals of trade in the city of Penn?

A NOVELTY in the advertising line has appeared in Paris in the form of a prospectus issued by a certain Signor Falconi, who proposes to publish novels and romances from the pen of the best French authors (for the copyright of which he gives the best price) in a periodical collection called the "*Livre d'Or*," given gratis! The Signor declares that the title-page alone will be a *chef-d'œuvre*—red and blue, with a gold border—the type of the best quality, and the paper hot pressed. But the reverse of every page will be devoted to advertisements alone. The first romance of the "*Gratis Library*," as

the series is called by Signor Falconi, is already in the press. It is by Alexandre Dumas, and entitled "*Lorenzino di Medici*." The first few sheets which have been sent abroad as specimens of the work give good ground for ridicule. Thus, at the bottom of the second page, "The Marquis paused and added—the cheapest panamas ever brought to Europe;" and again, a little further on, "the Marchesa sighed, and owned that she had never loved—cod-liver oil." And so on. A month cannot surely elapse without the "*Gratis Library*" being made to furnish the burden of many a smart vaudeville.

From Once a Week.

VANITAS, VANITAS!

I AM not much given to moralizing, especially upon subjects over which sages have moralized ever since human nature has defined itself as human nature. But, some years ago, I was forcibly plunged into a moralizing mood upon the very trite and well-worn subject that heads this paper, by a spectacle which I saw on my first visit to the picturesque old city of Salzburg. Perhaps the train of thought, which it induced had been already slightly forced upon my mind by a previous circumstance. I had been wheedled, contrary to my usual creed and my usual wont, into being lionized about the place, its old castle, and its panoramic views of mountain and plain, ravine and torrent, by a German friend. Among other of the sights of Salzburg, he had insisted upon my being presented to the lady, then living, who had once been the wife of one of the greatest composers of all time. The introduction had taken place through the intermediation of her *second husband*, who announced her to us as "the *inconsolable* widow of Mozart!" This self-immolation at the shrine of vanity had possibly already prepared me to murmur the words—"vanitas, vanitas, omnia vanitas!"

We followed up this singular tribute to the memory of the dead, by a visit to the picturesque churchyard of St. Peter's, in which most of the notabilities of Salzburg are interred. A more romantic burying-ground—unless, indeed, that belonging to the village of Hallstadt on the lake of the same name in the Austrian Salskammergat—can scarcely be conceived. But I am not going into descriptive raptures now. At the foot of a staircase, which is cut in the precipitous rocks, and leads to an old hermitage on the heights above, the traditional residence of St. Rupert, the first Bishop of Salzburg, and hollowed out of these same rocks, was a small grotto-like chapel, the entrance to which was opened to us by an old monk, the guardian of the sacred ground. The first sight that forcibly attracted observation in this species of chapel, was an accumulation of skulls enclosed in glass-cases, and ranged in rows one above the other along the walls. They were those, we were told, of the privileged personages who had been permitted burial on that spot, and lay in death beneath. Singular enough was this strange custom! but more singular still the fact, that, above each skull was placed the painted portrait, in

living color, of its possessor before the flesh had rotted away from the ghastly bones, with the name it had borne in life, duly registered in gilt letters on the picture. Our natural inclination was to suppose that a spirit of stern morality had dictated this fearful practice, that the close approximation of the semblance of what had been life with the hideous reality of the work of death, was intended as a practical application of the motto—*Respice finem*—that the dead were thus used to read a visible warning-sermon to the living they had left on earth. We were communicating such sentiments one to the other, when I observed a mocking smile upon the lips of the old monk. Upon being questioned he shrugged his shoulders, and then laughed aloud. It was considered a great honor, he told us, to have the skull and portrait placed in the chapel; that only the nobly born and wealthy were allowed the proud privilege; that a considerable sum of money was paid for this exclusive advantage; that he was not aware that there was any intention, in any man's mind, of reading a warning lesson or preaching a practical sermon upon the nothingness of life, or the frailty of beauty, or the charms that are bestowed but to wither into so terrible a consequence; but that he knew very well that people were very vain, even before death, of the purchased privilege of having their skulls thus exposed, and that the relations, after death, were always very vain of the exposure. No wonder, then, that this coquetry with Death sent me away moralizing upon the trite old topic—*vanitas, vanitas, omnia vanitas!*

I had already seen in the receptacles, called dead-houses, in Roman Catholic Germany, where the dead are by law exposed to public view, before their final hiding away beneath the earth—I had already seen, I say, the yellow waxy cheeks of dead old women tricked out with false curls, and highly rouged. I had seen the beauty, cut off in her prime, lying on her last bed, decked in the gayest ball-attire, with her chaplet of roses on her head. I had seen the officer of state and the military man dressed (in death) in the stiff embroidered pomp of worldly pride and glory. I had seen in the streets of Naples the exposed corpse borne aloft to burial, in gawdy attire, with the terrible caricature of life in its painted face. In all these was the repulsive evidence of the last vanity in death. But nothing so much as the strange spectacle in the chapel of St. Peter's, at Salzburg, had preached so loudly the words of the preacher—*vanitas, vanitas, omnia vanitas!*

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

From The Examiner.

The Sense Denied and Lost. By Thomas Bull, M.D., Author of "Hints to Mothers," and "Hints on the Management of Children." Edited by Rev. B. G. Johns, Chaplain of the Blind School, St. George's Fields. Longmans.

THE late Dr. Bull, for many years a skilful physician in London, lost his sight in 1851. Bravely submitting to his lot, he spent much of his time in seeking fellow-sufferers, and doing to lessen their trials all that sympathy and money could, and what he could also by observation and reflection to collect knowledge for others' profit. The result is a volume full of interesting information.

In Egypt about one person in every three hundred is blind. In the United Kingdom the proportion is stated as one to twelve hundred, giving an aggregate of nearly thirty thousand. Of these, says Dr. Bull, very few are actually born blind; about one-fifth become so under the age of twenty; the rest lose their eyesight in later years. They who are blind from childhood, to whom sight is denied rather than lost, are in a far better position than adults. They have not the misery of contrasting present darkness with former light, and schools are generally open for their instruction. It is on behalf of those who become blind in ripe manhood or old age, that interest is chiefly claimed in affording opportunities for learning to read, and for manual employments.

It is interesting to observe how Nature strives to repair the evils of blindness by developing the other faculties. Checked in one direction, the sentient nerves become stronger in others. No one has so keen a power of hearing and smelling, or so delicate a touch, as the blind man. The tone of another's voice is to him as clear an index of character and temper as the eye is to a seeing man. When a friend whom he had not seen for two or three years called upon Dr. Bull, the blind physician instantly discovered, from his speech, that he had become very thin. Still more curious is the extent to which touch may be educated. Blind men have learned to make watches, measuring and arranging with their fingers what the eye cannot adjust without a magnifying glass. Others are able to distinguish colors by the touch, telling whether a thing is red or blue, or even of what shade it is. In the same way influ-

ences on the atmosphere are at once felt: day and night are almost as clearly separated as to those who can see. Dr. Bull says that on a bright day he could always tell when a cloud was passing over the sun's disc. He also knew, when walking, whether he was approaching or passing by a house, from the force and direction in which the air pressed against his face. It is this delicate perception of external objects that enables the blind to travel long distances in safety, and when they once know the relation in which buildings and places stand to one another, to find their way among them. In illustration of this a curious anecdote is told of John Metcalf, the blind engineer to whom Yorkshire owes many of its roads and bridges. At the period of the story he was poor and unknown.

"Metcalf had learned to walk and ride readily through all the streets of York; and being once in that city, as he was passing the George Inn, the landlord called him, and informed him that a gentleman in the house wanted a guide to Harrowgate, adding: 'I know you can do as well as any one.' To this proposal Metcalf agreed, upon condition that his blindness should be kept secret from the gentleman, who might otherwise be afraid to trust him. The stranger was soon ready, and they set off on horseback, Metcalf taking the lead. When they came to Allerton, the gentleman inquired, whose large house that was on the right, to which Metcalf replied without hesitation. A little further, the road is crossed by the one from Wetherby to Boroughbridge, and runs along by the lofty brick wall of Allerton Park. A road led out of the park, opposite to a gate upon the Knaresborough road, which Metcalf was afraid of missing, but perceiving the current of wind that came through the park gate, he readily turned his horse towards the opposite one. Here he found some difficulty in opening the gate, in consequence, as he imagined, of some alteration that had been made in its way of hanging, he having not been that way for several months; therefore, backing his horse, he exclaimed: 'Thou always goes to the heel of the gate instead of the head.' The gentleman then observed, his horse was awkward, but that his own mare was good at coming up to a gate; on which Metcalf cheerfully permitted him to perform that office. Passing through Knaresborough, they entered the forest, which was then uninclosed, nor was there yet any turnpike upon it. Having proceeded a little way, the gentleman observed a light, and asked what it was? Metcalf took it for granted that his companion had seen what is

called 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' which frequently appears there, in a low and swampy spot near the road; but, fearful of betraying himself, he did not ask in what direction the light lay. To divert his attention from this object, he asked him if he didn't see two lights, one to the right and one to the left? The stranger replied, that he saw but one, to the right. 'Well, then, sir,' says Metcalf, 'that is Harrowgate.' Having arrived at their journey's end, they stopped at the house now called the 'Granby,' where Metcalf, being well acquainted with the place, led both the horses into the stable; he then went into the house, where he found his fellow-traveller comfortably seated over a tankard of negus, in which he pledged his guide. Metcalf took it very readily from him the first time, but the second he was rather wide of his mark. He soon after withdrew, leaving the landlord to explain what his companion was yet ignorant of. The latter hinted to the landlord his suspicion that his guide must have taken a great quantity of spirits since their arrival; upon which the landlord inquired his reason for entertaining such an opinion. 'I judged so,' replied the traveller, 'from the appearance of his eyes!' 'Eyes! bless you, sir, do you not know that he is blind?' 'What do you mean by that?' 'I mean, sir, that he cannot see.' 'Blind!' he exclaimed, with astonishment. 'Yes, sir, as blind as a stone.' The stranger desired Metcalf to be called, and upon his confirming the landlord's account: 'Had I known that,' said he, 'I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds.' 'And I, sir,' said Metcalf, 'would not have lost my way for a thousand pounds.'

There is another instance of the refinement of touch, quite reasonable to science, but which in former centuries would have been held up as miraculous.

"The lips are almost as liberally supplied

with nerves of touch as the tips of the fingers, and in one instance have done good service to a fellow-sufferer. A poor blind girl, residing in one of the provinces of France, had for many years, as her greatest comfort, perused her embossed Bible with the finger: getting out of health, and becoming partially paralyzed, the hand also was affected, and gradually all power of touch was lost. Her agony of mind at her deprivation was great, and in a moment of despair she took up her Bible, bent down her head, and kissed the open leaf, by way, as she supposed, of a last farewell. In the act of so doing, to her great surprise and sudden joy, she felt the letters distinctly with her lips, and from that day this poor child has thus been reading the word of God, 'words more precious to her than silver or gold—even fine gold.'

If good fellowship can comfort, Dr. Bull shows that blindness has many heroes to boast of. Foremost places in science must be given to men like Saunderson, the friend and disciple of Newton, and Gough, the tutor of Whewell and Dalton—of whom Coleridge said, "His face is all one eye." In the region of poetry a crowd of sightless singers cluster round the two masters of epic, blind Homer and blind Milton. But music, a mighty worker of good influences on all, seems to be the especial blessing of the blind. Shut out from the beauties of nature, unable to see the varieties of color or the delicacies of form, their holiest impressions enter by the ear; music has for them an unearthly power. "When I hear the chorus of Haydn's *Spring*," says one born blind, "I feel myself as if transported into a field, enamelled with the most beautiful flowers . . . and in my soul is painted a fairer landscape . . . such, doubtless, as no man has ever seen."

GRADATION.

[From the German of Pfeffel.]

A SPARROW caught upon a tree
The plumpest fly; all, all unheeded
Were struggles, cries, and agony,
As for his life the victim pleaded;
"Nay," quoth the sparrow, "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

A hawk surprised him at his meal,
And in a trice poor sparrow spitted;
In vain he gasp'd his last appeal,
"What crime, Sir Hawk, have I committed?"

"Peace!" quoth the captor, "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

Down swoop'd an eagle who had spied
With grim delight the state of matters;
"Release me, King," the victim cried;
"You tear my very flesh to tatters!"
"Nay," quoth the eagle, "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

A bullet whistled at the word,
And struck him ere his feast was ended;
"Ah, tyrant!" shriek'd the dying bird,
"To murder him who ne'er offended."
"Oh!" quoth the sportsman, "you must die,
For you are not so strong as I."

From The Spectator.

THE DEFORMED SKULLS AT WROXETER.*

BEFORE attempting to see the curiously misshapen skulls just dug up at Wroxeter, charter a phæton at the Raven Hotel, Shrewsbury, and give yourself one of the pleasantest five-mile drives imaginable. Go to Wroxeter and see where the skulls were found. All Shropshire scenery has its beauties, but there are few which surpass in quiet loveliness the drive to Wroxeter. The Wrekin frowns on you from the east, and the silvery Severn winds placidly along on the left hand side of the road among beautiful fields, till you cross it at Atcham Bridge,—a bridge of the olden type, gable fashion,—with steep ascent and descent. The fine old church of Atcham, with its bold, broad, ivy-mantled tower, and the rich foliage of the noble trees and the deep verdure of the fields, with the river bending suddenly southward, form a most striking group.

Stop a few minutes here to examine one of those open splayed slits in the chancel wall, behind where the high altar used to stand; by means of which a glimpse might have been obtained from outside of the host when elevated, or of the crucifix on the table. These apertures elsewhere have been variously accounted for; and it has been asserted that their use was to allow the priest to administer the holy elements to the Cagots, and other proscribed people, without admitting them within the building. It seems here to have been designed to give a view into the interior, and possibly for no other purpose.

The road now leads you past the richly wooded park of Attingham: crossing the little river Tern, a narrower road to the right, a little further on, takes you direct to Wroxeter, formerly Uriconium, where, for many a long year, a mass of Roman brickwork has skirted the road, towering above the wayfarer, defiant of pickaxe and storm, for a good thirteen hundred years, at least, and in the longest of our lifetimes without visible diminution. Close to it are the recent excavations. They were begun at the instance of the Local Natural History and Antiquarian Society, at Shrewsbury, only last February, and the basements of some houses, two or three hypo-

causts, several pieces of pavement, and manifold tiles, bases, etc., have been exhumed already; but as the outer mound which marks the boundary of the whole city runs three miles in completing its oval course,—labor as they may, the zealous archæologists at work will never exhaust the possible discoveries to be made, or bring to light the whole of this capacious city. The general character of the brick-work both in the outside block and the part exhumed is of a very rough character. Nor do any of the pavements or fragments of pottery indicate the attainment of so high a degree of art or household luxury as the relics at Cirencester.

There is unmistakable evidence that the place was finally sacked and burned. The soil all around is of a peculiarly black, rich loam; the action of fire is obvious on the walls; and in one place a quantity of charred wheat has been discovered.

Mr. Thomas Wright, who has just published this interesting little book on this branch of the discoveries, and under whose skilful management the excavations are proceeding, thus describes the hypocausts and their contents:—

“To the east of the entrance to the hypocausts, a small room only eight feet square was found, which had a herring-bone pavement like that of the great enclosure to the north of the Old Wall. A rather wide passage through the eastern wall of this small room led into another room with a hypocaust, the floor of which is also gone. The pillars of this hypocaust were rather more neatly constructed, but they seem to have been considerably lower than those of the hypocausts previously opened. This hypocaust was the scene of a very interesting discovery. Abundant traces of burning in all parts of the site leave no doubt that the city of Uriconium was plundered, and afterwards burnt, by some of the barbarian invaders of Roman Britain at the close of the Romano-British period, that is, towards the middle of the fifth century. The human remains which have been met with in different parts bear testimony to a frightful massacre of the inhabitants. It would seem that a number of persons had been pursued to the buildings immediately to the south of the line of the Old Wall, and slaughtered there; for in trenching across what were perhaps open courts to the south and south-east of the door through the continuation of the Old Wall, remains of at least four or five skeletons were found; and in what appears to have been the corner of a yard, outside the semicircular end of the hypo-

* *Guide to the Ruins of Uriconium at Wroxeter.* By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A. Published by J. O. Sandford.

caust first discovered, lay the skull and some of the bones of a very young child. In the last of the hypocausts we have been describing, three skeletons were found, that of a person who appears to have died in a crouching position in one of the corners, and two others stretched on the ground by the side of the wall. An examination of the skull of the person in the corner leaves no room for doubting that he was a very old man. One at least of the others was a female. Near the old man lay a little heap of Roman coins, in such a manner as to show that they must have been contained in a confined receptacle, and a number of small iron nails scattered among them, with traces of decomposed wood, proved that this was a little box or coffer. The remains of the wood are still attached to two or three of the coins. We are justified, from all these circumstances, in concluding that, in the midst of the massacre of Roman Uriconium, these three persons—perhaps an old man and two terrified women—had sought to conceal themselves by creeping into the hypocaust; and perhaps they were suffocated there, or, when the house was delivered to the flames, the falling rubbish may have blocked up the outlet so as to make it impossible for them to escape. It is not likely that they would have been followed into such a place as this hypocaust. These coins were one hundred and thirty-two in number."

The whole of the coins range from the reigns of Galba and Domitian to Theodosius. One or two more recent are said to have been found. The destruction of the city doubtless took place towards the middle of the fifth century.

A more curious discovery was made a week or two ago, briefly mentioned by Mr. Wright. Far from the excavations, but still within the city walls, in an orchard skirting a shallow part of the Severn, were dug up at a depth of about two feet or less from the surface, fragments of twenty human skeletons, without any remnants or appearance of coffins or covering; nor were there any coins save one of Claudius Gothicus near to them. Most of these bodies lay in a direction nearly east and west, but not all of them; one or two were across others. This, however, is the great peculiarity of these bones:—out of the twenty found, eleven have skulls strangely contorted and deformed. Nor are there any two exactly similar. In most of them one side of the whole forehead both above and round the eyeball is violently depressed. Some have one eyeball larger than the other. Others have them equal in size, but so much

out of a right angle with the line of the centre of the cranium, that one eye must have projected far before the other. These frontal deformities appear to have been organic curvatures. Mr. Wright seems to disbelieve that the bones of the cranium are capable of flexature after death. There are, it is true, evident marks of pressure; parts of some of the skulls are beaten in, but these are obvious fractures. And the fractures, even where they co-exist with the curvatures, are distinct from, and cannot possibly have caused them. One of them is stuffed full of fine mould, which has passed through the foramen at the base of the skull, and probably owing to the action of successive frosts, has burst the skull open, the coronal suture having given way. But these effects of violence and the elements, must be perfectly distinguishable from the deflections and deformities in the shape of the skulls. Unless the lime, which forms an integral part of all bone, be got rid of by muriatic acid or some chemical agent, no bone not in a growing state can be bent. It may be reduced to a pulpy subsistence, like soaked biscuit, and broken like it with ease; but it is equally incapable of flexature. Yet writers are not wanting who attribute these singularities in the Wroxeter skulls to pressure on the surface of the ground. An examination of them ought surely to precede all theories as to the causes of these phenomena. It appears that in some where there was no obliquity of face or forehead, that the skull was frightfully flattened, and in others very narrow. One has an immense width across the (malar) cheek bones. Now none of these deformities exist in the skulls found in the hypocausts, which appear to be of the Roman type. It is difficult to hazard a guess how these deformed beings came where they are found; and where they must have perished in a group and been buried, or rather covered with soil only two feet deep where they dropped: for no one was buried within the walls of a Roman city. Did they meet the death there from which they were fleeing, in their way to the ford in the river, where Mr. Wright presumes there was a bridge? But how came the deformities? It is well known that both in China and America these contortions were and are artificially created from infamy: and has not Longinus an account somewhere of the partiality of the ancients to human monsters, after the subsequent

fashion of dwarfs and giants as essential appendages to the retinue of Saxon Prince and Norman Baron? Possibly these people inhabited a given suburb of the city; or in the mêlée of the sack and carnage, naturally herded and fled together.

The skulls and all the other objects of interest are collected by the care of Dr. Henry Johnson in the Shrewsbury Museum. The ordinary relics of a Roman city are there—coins, specimens of Samian ware, and Romano

Salopian ware, cinerary urns, ornaments of bronze, fibulæ, hair-pins, combs, amphoræ, Upchurch pottery, tiles, concrete, a medicine stamp, and all the customary remnants of these ruined cities. The surrounding scenery, the site of the city, and especially the mystery attaching to the group of Gothic deformities, render a visit to Uriconium doubtless an attractive summer trip, not unworthy of a halt by the way for our North Wales tourists, the Raven Hotel affording, as we can testify, good accommodation.

MR. JOHN HULLAH delivered a lecture on "Singing in General Education." After some preliminary observations on the effects of the study of music generally, he discussed the supposed difficulties attending it, which are more imaginary than real. Taking as an illustration the page of a full score, with its various vocal and instrumental parts, forming an apparently complicated mass of symbols, he observed that to the practised eye of the conductor the whole was simple and comprehended at a glance. He could not agree with the objections raised to the ordinary notation, to which some writers desired to apply a plan of condensation. All true musicians objected to such an innovation, and with good reason. It is urged that the present system involves great difficulty in reading and in writing music; but this is not the fact, or how could the overture to "Don Giovanni" have been written in one night, or the "Messiah" completely produced in the short space of three weeks? Mr. Hullah noticed some imperfections in time signatures which might easily be obviated, and no doubt would soon be removed; and proceeded to describe the general arrangement of a full score. He remarked that a page of a score presents a "picture" of certain sounds and combinations of harmony which the practised eye comprehends at once with perfect ease. If our present mode of writing music were so difficult and complicated as has been asserted, the reading of a score would be a stupendous labor, with which only the most gigantic intellectual power could hope to grapple with any chance of success. After pursuing this topic at considerable length, the lecturer touched upon that of teaching the elements of music to the young. It is the cultivation of a sympathy between the eye and the ear that makes the musician. Would-be reformers point to the difficulty in the stave, and assert that if this were simplified, the art of singing at sight might be acquired, like that of writing a fine commercial hand, "in six easy lessons;" the actual fact,

however, is that the ear is harder to teach than the eye, and the difficulty of reading a musical symbol has nothing to do with the capacity for expressing the proper sound. A revolution in our musical system is impossible as well as undesirable. Sol fa-ing, or singing without words, is of very great antiquity, having been invented by Guido, the Aretine, in the thirteenth century; and here Mr. Hullah made some interesting remarks upon mediæval music and the ancient hexachords. He dwelt upon the imperative necessity for constant practice of the sol fa: there are many persons who can sing at sight, but cannot sol fa. The practice of the sol fa is a safeguard to prevent singing at sight degenerating into a mere trick. Singing in chorus is so easy, requiring no thought, that many members of choral societies after a short time neglect the study of music altogether, and are quite unable to read new music, which could not be the case if the sol fa were cultivated to check carelessness. Its practice compels the singer to use his mental powers. The influence of music will never want advocates; but the value of musical training as a means of educational discipline is not sufficiently appreciated. Some excellent remarks by the Rev. Stephen Hawtrej, bearing upon this point were quoted by the lecturer, who added that learning from notes, independently of the power acquired of reading music, is very valuable from its fixing the attention of young children intently, and exciting great activity of intelligence. Scholars in an institution where music is taught will learn every subject better from this course of training. The study of music opens a new sense, and teaches a new language in which have been written works breathing forth the highest and most beautiful inspiration. Its advantages to the laboring classes were inestimable. Mendelssohn and Handel form an agreeable substitute for the public house, and the acquirement of this accomplishment has a great and undoubted effect upon mental development.

From The Saturday Review, 20 Aug.

THE RETURN OF THE DYNASTIES.

A NATION whose well-being has been sacrificed for forty years to ensure the security of others has a claim, when the sacrifice is no longer necessary, upon those for whom it was made. By the treaty of Vienna, Italy became a slave that Europe might be free from danger. At an hour when the Continent was still trembling from the shock of a recent earthquake, and when men were still agitated by the thought of perils they had escaped, Austria was placed in the Italian peninsula to keep the keys of a military position, which was to be a barrier against a second French revolution and a second Napoleon. Full of a kind of wild terror, the crowned heads of Europe saw in change and progress only the advent of fresh trouble and disorder. The Holy Alliance arose, and initiated that fatal policy which permitted despotism to interfere beyond its own frontiers. Effete government and old abuses revived in Italy under Austrian auspices, and Europe thought herself all the safer. When the clouds passed over, and French Imperialism was no longer formidable, still Austria held her post. The system of intervention which she had formerly exercised in the interest of all, she now refused to abandon for her own sake. What was at one time a matter of military importance to Europe had become a political necessity for herself. No change could be tolerated in Italy, lest the noise of reform might waken Lombardy and Venice, and perhaps reverberate beyond the Alps. Thus her influence grew into a weight and incubus which Italy has not been able to shake off. Sinister threats from Vienna checked every tendency on the part of Italian rulers to bestow on their subjects free speech or better institutions. Despatch after despatch poured into Naples, Modena, Parma, and Tuscany, asserting the unalterable determination of the House of Hapsburg to allow no trifling with Liberalism. Foreign ambassadors were told that Austria would risk war sooner than relinquish her practice of intervention. From those days to this, neither the Two Sicilies, nor the Duchies, nor the Legations have been free. They have been kept in continual bondage by threats, intrigues, and overt acts of constraint. Each grant of a constitution has been regarded as an act of hostility to their powerful neighbor. Piedmont, after years of Austrian menace and espionage, has won her way to freedom at the risk of her very existence as a State. Which of us has forgotten how Austrian swords have restored fugitive tyrants to their Italian sovereignties, Austrian dungeons received Italian prisoners, Austrian regiments been recruited from Italian subjects? In the

Romagna, men have been tried, shot, and, on rare occasions, pardoned, in the name and by the authority of the Viennese Emperor.

It is not necessary to dwell at length upon the moral injury inflicted on a people by a long course of political servitude. Foreign domination saps the foundation of national character, and paralyzes a people both body and soul. By the decree of Europe, and for the sake of Europe, the Italians have undergone a dreary period of oppression. Who can say that they have suffered nothing more than the mere suspension of political life? So long, indeed, as the treaties of 1815 were in force, there was no little difficulty in insisting that Austria should modify a line of conduct which, if not actually sanctioned by those documents, was tacitly contemplated by the diplomatists who drew them. But the Treaty of Vienna, so far as the late belligerents are concerned, is worth at this moment just so much waste paper. It has been set aside by the acts of France and Austria, and it now exists no more, except so far as other Powers may think themselves interested in insisting on its provisions. War can break what war can make, and the covenants which war secured some forty years ago, war has now broken and scattered to the winds. Even an unrighteous and uncalled-for war has this advantage, that it repeals the foolish legislation of the past. Is Austria again to be replaced in the position she occupied before? Her influence in Italy, so far from being a protection to the world's peace, is a sure source of general confusion. French raid and Imperial aggression will never cease while Austria rules in the Peninsula. If Europe still requires a barrier against Napoleonism, let her seek it in the building up of a free, a powerful, and an enlightened nation beyond the Alps. Such are or should be the thought of those who, fully alive to the dangers of a French Empire, have yet learned from experience to discard, together with our antiquated firelocks, other equally old and equally useless means of self-defence.

But France as well as Europe has an obligation to discharge towards Italy. It was the fiat of Napoleon I. which gave Venice to Austria; it was the sad recollection of the miseries of French occupation which made Lombardy and the rest of the Peninsula acquiesce more easily in their new masters; it was the career of the last French Emperor which rendered their transfer to those masters necessary. When Louis Napoleon drew the sword, and the French Eagles crossed the Alps, he proclaimed that Italy should hereafter be independent. Many thousand men sleep on the plains of Lombardy, having shed their blood for the cause of Italian liberty. If the cause for which they fell was any cause at all,

it surely meant that the electric chain of Austrian influence which ran from Verona to Naples was to be broken off close to the head—that the miserable tools of Austria were no longer to oppress Italian provinces, each serving as a check upon his fellow puppets. The cession of Lombardy is a mere nothing, if the Duchies are to take back the Dukes. It was not Austria's possession of Lombardy that brought on the late explosion, and it will not be her abandonment of it that will save us from another. Lombardy she has ere now offered to resign for a pecuniary equivalent; but the Duchies, in her eyes, are the gates to Italy. It will indeed be a miserable peace to close a miserable war, if the imbecile and tyrannical rulers that take refuge on Austrian soil at the least sound of alarm are again to overrun the land which they have so long oppressed. A tempest is of little good which does not clear the atmosphere. Are we to have these poisonous insects swarming back with the return of sunny weather, and to wait for a second and more effectual thunder-storm to rid us of them? Let us hope that "illusory arrangements" are as common among crowned heads as among would-be English politicians, and that the mild conditions of the Villafranca compromise are designed to cover, on the part of Francis Joseph, a dignified withdrawal from his perilous claim. But we are not over sanguine. The controverted point is not one which the Court of Vienna deems of slight importance. It has held on grimly to the Duchies through many a cloudy day, despite the warnings of friends and the muttered menaces of foes. There is reason to fear that it has not yet been beaten from its hold—that the battle has not been fought which is to liberate Central Italy.

With anxious solicitude to see how these difficulties will be settled, Europe this day watches the Conference at Zurich. The court has met, the judges are seated, the doors closed, and Italy stands without, waiting for the sentence. Whatever the decision of the conclave, the attitude of the Italians is the attitude of men who hope the best, but are ready for the worst. For the first time in the history of centuries, they have succeeded in winning not only our sympathy but our respect. All is forgotten save that at last they are worthy of their name. Patient and dignified, they appear resolved both to win and to deserve freedom. Tuscany, after an appeal to a suffrage which, though not universal, is wide to an extreme, has returned as the representatives of its population men of proved moderation and illustrious merit. There is not a name of literary, of scientific, of political distinction, which is not found in her list of delegates. The people have signified their national will with dignity and firmness. The machinations of Jesuits, and the still more

dangerous intrigues of the Mazzini party, have been employed in vain in the service of despotism on the one hand, and of anarchy on the other. The Duchies are unwilling to accept Austrian tyranny or the Red Republic as their only alternatives. But, while abstaining from every excess, they are not forgetful of the fact that a crisis may arrive when they will have to depend upon themselves. National regiments are forming which receive each hour considerable accessions of strength in the shape of volunteers from every part of Italy, and General Garibaldi, by the common voice, has been summoned to take command. Meanwhile, the Zurich negotiations show no symptoms of an approaching termination. Rumors of windy dissension and wordy diplomatic war leak out from behind the closed doors to the world. France is perplexed, and Austria is dissatisfied. What will be the result of the deliberations? Bound as he is by covenant to permit the re-installation of the dynasties, Napoleon III. can scarcely consent that force shall be employed by Francis Joseph—still less can he prostitute the French flag by re-throning Austrian Dukes at the point of French bayonets. His interests would lead him to desire that a compromise should be made, and one or more of the dual crowns placed on the head of members of his own family. Will Austria surrender what she has kept for half a century, and bargained for under all the pressure of defeat? One thing at least remains. There is a Court of Appeal higher than the self-appointed Court of Zurich. Fortunately the day is not yet come when Europe is to take no part in the resettlement of her territorial map. The decision of two Imperial judges is not necessarily final as regards the political life and liberty of a great people. If the Cæsars fail her, Italy may appeal from the Cæsars. Whether England will consent to take part in a more general Congress will depend upon the basis on which such Congress is to treat. But England, powerful though peaceful, will not keep silence if an attempt is made to re-impose on the Italians the fetters which have been snapped at last—will not see calmly an effort to legalize forever that policy of interference which has led this year to war and agitation. In the name of the future quiet of the world we have a right to demand that the dynasties shall not be restored, if foreign intervention is requisite to restore them.

From The Press, 20 Aug.

THE PURSUIT OF PEACE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

It is by this time sufficiently evident that, although the Peace of Villafranca may have served very well as a temporary expedient to deliver Louis Napoleon from his more pressing embarrassments, it is very unlikely to re-

sult in a satisfactory solution of the Italian problem; and that, of all imaginable solutions, a genuine Austro-French alliance is the most improbable. It is not often that even an accidental community of interests can convert hereditary foes into trustworthy allies—much less can this be the case when these interests only coincide for a moment, to diverge the next more widely than before. It was highly important both to France and to Austria that the Lombard campaign should be brought to a conclusion, and so long as this common object remained to be accomplished negotiations went on with the utmost rapidity and smoothness. But no sooner was the immediate difficulty over than the utter incompatibility of the ulterior objects of the respective parties became strikingly manifest. Any imaginable alteration of the *status quo ante bellum* must tend to the prejudice of Austria, whose position before the war could hardly have been improved. On the other hand, if the *status quo* be not materially modified, the Emperor of the French must submit to the odium of having disturbed the public tranquillity in vain. Of this he was well aware, and the object of the Treaty of Villafranca was to effect an alteration barely sufficient to justify his expenditure of blood and money in the eyes of Europe and of France, without materially impairing the influence of Austria. The principal stipulations form a sort of balance or see-saw, in which the surrender of Lombardy is ingeniously counterweighed by the retention of Venice, and the Italians are to be compensated for the re-establishment of their old tyrants by the institution of a Confederacy. In a word, everybody is to give up something except the Emperor of the French. Unfortunately, it is one thing to set the trap in the sight of the bird and another to persuade the bird to come in; one thing to simultaneously assure Austria that she has lost nothing and Italy that she has gained every thing, and quite another to obtain the smallest credit for the assertion. Even if Austria believed herself indebted to her enemy's magnanimity for the retention of Venetia, the very question "Who has preserved me Venice?" must inevitably suggest its counterpart, "Who has deprived me of Lombardy?" Even if the Italians received the idea of a Confederacy with delight, they could not forget who first instigated and then deserted the insurrections of the Legations and the Duchies. But, in point of fact, Austria knows very well that Louis Napoleon has only left her Venetia because he could not take it away; and the Italians are well aware that the proposed Confederation is an impudent sham and transparent delusion. Thus the attempt to conciliate both sides has resulted in the alienation of each.

It is not unlikely that Louis Napoleon will

submit to a state of things the permanence of which must be fatal to his prestige on the Continent, and ultimately in France itself. His policy of conciliating the irreconcilable must be abandoned, and he must, by taking a decided part on one side or the other, commit himself to a definitive breach either with Austria or with Italy. No doubt when he concluded the Treaty of Villafranca he designed to concede all in his power to Austria, and throw the Italians overboard, while saving appearances as much as possible. Fortunately, appearances cannot be saved at all. The Italians refuse to receive their old rulers back on any terms short of absolute compulsion, and it becomes a very serious question for Louis Napoleon whether it be safe either to apply this compulsion himself or to allow it to be exhibited by others. The first course would cause him to appear in the most odious and contemptible of aspects, nor would it after all gain him the alliance of Austria, who would certainly be more inclined to exact than to requite the services of her Imperial cats-paw. On the other hand, to allow Austria to have her way without interference on his own part would simply be to effect an inglorious retreat from the Italian question altogether. We think it, therefore, likely enough, not only that he has promised the Tuscan delegates to prevent all foreign interference in their concerns, but, which is more remarkable, that he will actually keep his word. Such a resolution implies nothing less than an open breach with Austria, the abandonment of all idea of an Austro-French alliance against Prussia or any other State, and a tacit acknowledgment of the true nature of the Treaty of Villafranca as a dishonorable but necessary escape from a situation of exceeding danger.

The effect, however, of Louis Napoleon's declaring himself on the side of the Italian people, against Austria and her satraps, will be to render the Peace of Europe as precarious as before the commencement of the campaign. Every tie of honor as well as interest binds Austria to the cause of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the other petty Sovereigns. These rulers have been driven from their thrones, not so much for any actual misgovernment, as because they were known to be the mere viceroys and lieutenants of Austria—insuperable obstacles in the way of Italian unity. If they are not restored, the influence of Austria in Central Italy must come to an end; and they will certainly have a right to complain should the recompense of so much faithful service prove to be neglect and abandonment. To do Austria justice, however, she has shown every inclination to protect them. She undoubtedly understood, and was undoubtedly correct in understanding, the terms of the Villafranca agreement to imply

an obligation to restore them, and will unquestionably behold Louis Napoleon's new evasion of his pledges with the bitterest resentment and indignation. It is hardly probable that she will attempt to reinstate the exiled sovereigns by force of arms; but it is hardly possible that she should recognize the new order of things, or forego the design of overthrowing it on the first convenient opportunity. Thus the peace of Europe will be equally compromised, whichever dilemma Louis Napoleon may resolve to accept. If he betrays the Italians, the Italian difficulty remains exactly where it was. If he recedes from the Treaty of Villafranca, no arrangement he may make with Austria can well be more than an armed truce. In either case he must break with one of the two formidable forces he has hitherto contrived to play off against each other, and makes a mortal foe either of the Democracy or the Pope.

No doubt many expedients will be attempted to enable him to escape from this embarrassment. The most obvious seems that of a general Congress, by means of which the public opinion of all Europe may be brought to bear upon the recalcitrancy of Austria. But how is Austria to be persuaded to enter any congress convened with such an intention? She has it fully in her power to quash the whole scheme by simply refusing her consent. Would that the presence of Lord John Russell at our Foreign-office did not give us too much reason to sincerely wish that she may!

From *The Economist*, 20 Aug.

ITALIAN CONSTITUTIONALISM.

THE Italians are acting in a manner at once to justify the predictions of their friends and to disappoint and put to shame the calumnious vaticinations of their foes. No one can mark the calmness, the dignity, the consistency, the union, and the strong sound sense which have marked the proceedings of the patriotic party in Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and Romagna, without confessing that no people ever showed, in their first moments of emancipation, such singular moderation, such business-like habits, and such constitutional aptitudes as the popular leaders in these States have displayed ever since the commencement of the recent Italian crisis. No one who compares the proceedings in 1848 and 1849 with those of 1859, can help admitting that such rapid and signal progress in political sagacity and judicious management was never observable in so short a period in the history of any other nation. In 1848, all was wild enthusiasm—very genuine, but somewhat frothy and ineffectual. There was much shouting, but, except in Sicily and Piedmont,

little fighting. There was much unseemly though not unnatural tumult, and some disgraceful acts of violence and crime. There was little, except in the case of Venice (in whose proceedings it was impossible to discover the slightest flaw or cause for blame), to indicate either the taste for sober and law-restricted freedom, or the capacity for the nice compromises and moderation indispensable for self-government, or the desire to place the powers of the State in the hands of the noble or the great among their own citizens. The dreams of Republicanism were in the ascendant: the rational realities of constitutional authority seemed tame and poor. Now, all this is changed. Not a word of Republican tendency is breathed either in Genoa or Rome. The Modenese and the Tuscans, the Bolognese and the Parmese, have met in representative assemblies, have deliberated calmly, have decided unanimously, and have expressed temperately to observant Europe their wishes, their wants, and their determinations. There has been no rhodomontade in their language. There has been no internal dissension in their councils. They have spoken and acted as if they were really a united people—as if party feeling were either wholly extinguished, or were silenced in the face of a crisis too important to permit it, and at the dictates of a prudence and self-devotion too strong and too general to yield to it.

The proceedings in Tuscany are especially worthy of attention. When the war broke out between Austria and Sardinia, the friends of constitutional liberty in Florence, nearly all of them men of eminence and reputation in public life, waited on the Grand Duke, explained to him the notorious and unanimous sentiments of the army and the people, and urged him to appoint a fresh Ministry and to join his forces to those of Piedmont—in a word, to cast in his lot at once with those who were striving and hoping to rescue Italy from the degradation of a mere Austrian province, and make her a free, great, and self-governed nation. Had he yielded to their representation, he might now have been reigning in his hereditary palace, the ally of Sardinia and of France, the head of a prosperous and happy people, and one of the most popular Sovereigns in the Peninsula. Had he even retired before a popular movement which he could not approve and deemed too hazardous to succeed, sanctioned the appointment of a Provisional Government in his absence, and sought refuge in some neutral territory, he might still possibly have been recalled on the conclusion of peace and reinstated,—no longer as an Austrian Satrap, but as a free and constitutional Prince. But he hesitated, he haggled, and he fled: nay, he fled to the one place in the world which he ought to have shunned as

if it were a pestilence. He sought refuge in the Austrian camp; he joined the troops that were fighting against Sardinia, and that would, if successful, soon have been fighting against Tuscany. His own troops were arrayed on one side: he placed himself in the ranks of their antagonists. After this, it became impossible that he should ever return to Florence except as a despot forced upon the Tuscans by Austrian bayonets, and thenceforth and therefore a mere slave or agent to Austrian caprice. But it became necessary, in consequence of his flight, to appoint some Government to succeed him, and appeal to the whole nation to decide what should be the future form and *personel* of the Supreme Power in Tuscany. The provisional authorities—anxious above all things that the people should express their opinions freely and deliberately, yet in such a mode that no question could arise in the mind of Europe as to the completeness and fairness, as well as moderation and temper, with which the national will was manifested—summoned a national assembly, and wisely resolved that it should be chosen under the electoral law promulgated in 1848 by the Grand Duke himself, both to save the time and confusion incident to the concoction of a new system, and to leave the Grand Duke and his friends no excuse for saying that the wish of the country had not been freely and fairly elicited. This law gives votes not only to the rich, but to about two-thirds of the middle classes and all peasants who pay a small direct tax (ten lire). It is in fact a thoroughly *popular* without being a *democratic* franchise. The Assembly elected under these auspices, and just opened by Baron Ricasoli, the Chief of the Provisional Government, has unanimously decreed that the Grand Duke has abdicated and forfeited his throne, and that under no circumstances can he or any of his House again reign in Tuscany with the good-will or consent of the people. The deputies, it is understood, are nearly equally unanimous in desiring the annexation of their country to Piedmont, but we believe no formal decision on this subject has yet been come to.

It seems to us impossible that the solemnly declared resolution of a whole people, against whose proceedings no shadow of a charge of violence, haste, or informality can be put forward, should be ignored by the Great Powers, or overborne by force. Indeed, Baron Ricasoli, in his opening speech, assures the Chamber that the French Emperor has frankly and distinctly assured his Envoy that the wishes of the people shall be respected, and that no armed intervention for the sake of restoring the deposed dynasty shall be undertaken or permitted. Lord John Russell seems, from his language in parliament, to have received similar assurances. Indeed, we can scarcely

believe that any such atrocity can for a moment have been projected, or could be carried out in the face of Europe. What the Great Powers may have to say to the annexation to Piedmont, is a very different question.

Similar proceedings to those we have thus briefly described have taken place in Modena, where Signor Farini, at first Sardinian Commissioner and afterwards Modenese Dictator, has resigned his authority into the hands of the newly assembled deputies, urging them at the same time to proceed without delay to express calmly and freely their wishes as to the definitive settlement of their country. Meanwhile it appears that Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and Romagna (which is actually though not formally separated from the Papal States) have united their forces in a sort of temporary and anticipative federation, and have chosen Garibaldi as commander-in-chief. This step—as Garibaldi is a General in the Sardinian service, and subject, therefore, to Sardinian orders—may create some embarrassment, but there is no great probability at present that he will be called upon to act otherwise than as an organizer.

Now, to what must we attribute the remarkable superiority in political sagacity and management manifested by the Italians of 1859 over their fellow-countrymen of 1848? Partly no doubt to the progress of their political education. They have learned wisdom from the past. They see the errors formerly committed, and are resolved not to repeat them. They are determined above all things to leave no excuse or pretext which their enemies might seize hold of to reproach or crush them. They know they are on their trial, and are eager to show what they are fit for. But the phenomenon in question is to be traced in part also, and perhaps principally, to the circumstance that in the recent movements, the Mazzinian party have had no share. It has been managed solely by the Constitutionalists—not at all by the Republicans. These, as their chief explained at the outset of the conflict in a noticeable manifesto, placed no reliance on either Louis Napoleon or Victor Emmanuel, and having no hope from, resolved to have no hand in, a struggle which these sovereigns initiated and conducted. They, therefore, stood aloof; and if they did not aid their brethren, at least they neither encumbered them nor thwarted them. We do not blame them; on the contrary, we applaud them and we thank them. They had their field-day in 1848—and the result was unsatisfactory, and has not been redeemed by their mistakes and failures since. The moderate party have been left free to act according to their own programme in 1859; and we must say we cannot discover that they have been guilty of a single blunder or a single fault.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S APOLOGY.

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From Once a Week.
THE GRANDMOTHER'S APOLOGY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

AND Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say,
little Annie?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he
looks like a man.
And Willy's wife has written: she never was
overwise,
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my
advice.

II.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man
to save,
Hadrn't a head to manage, and drank himself
into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it
for one.
Eh!—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you
say, is gone.

III.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest boy, the flower of
the flock,
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood
like a rock.
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doc-
tor; and he would be bound
There was not his like that year in twenty par-
ishes round.

IV.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but
still of his tongue!
I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he
went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long
to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived
far away.

V.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I
am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am
so old:
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the
rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept
with the best.

VI.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your
father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a
tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a
world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years
ago.

VII.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place,
and I knew right well
That Jenny had tript in her time: I knew, but
I would not tell.

And she to be coming and slandering me, the
base little liar!
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear,
the tongue is a fire.

VIII.

And the parson made it his text that week, and
he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the black-
est of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and
fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter
to fight.

IX.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a
week and a day;
And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the
middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny
had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never make
one's self clean.

X.

And I cried myself wellnigh blind, and all of
an evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by
the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the
dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me
chirrup the nightingale.

XI.

All of a sudden he stopt: there passed by the gate
of the farm,
Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on
his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce
knew how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes
me angry now.

XII.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing
he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy
and went.
And I said, "Let us part: in a hundred years
it'll all be the same,
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my
good name."

XIII.

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the
sweet moonshine:
"Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good
name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of
you well or ill;
But marry me out of hand: we two shall be
happy still."

XIV.

"Marry you, Willy!" said I, "but I needs
must speak my mind,
I fear you will listen to tales, be jealous and
hard and unkind."

But he turn'd and clasp'd me in his arms, and
answer'd, "No, love, no;"
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years
ago.

XV.

So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac
gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave
the ringers a crown.
But the first thing that ever I bare was dead
before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower
and thorn.

XVI.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought
of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had
drawn a breath.
I had not wept little Anne, not since I had been
a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe
had fought for his life.

XVII.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger
or pain:
I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had
all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another
morn:
But I wept like a child for the child that was
dead before he was born.

XVIII.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom
said me nay:
Kind, like a man, was he: like a man, too,
would have his way:
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy
year:
And he died, and I could not weep—my own
time seem'd so near.

XIX.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too,
then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at
his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't
forget:
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about
me yet.

XX.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left
me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie
like you:
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes
at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie
ploughing the hill.

XXI.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they
sing to their team:

Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind
of a dream.

They come and sit by my chair, they hover
about my bed—

I am not always certain if they be alive or
dead.

XXII.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them
left alive;

For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-
five:

And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore
and ten;

I knew them all as babies, and now they're
elderly men.

XXIII.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I
grieve;

I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm
at eve:

And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip,
and so do I;

I find myself often laughing at things that have
long gone by.

XXIV.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should
make us sad:

But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace
to be had;

And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when
life shall cease;

And in this Book, little Annie, the message is
one of Peace.

XXV.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from
pain,

And happy has been my life; but I would not
live it again.

I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long
for rest;

Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept
with the best.

XXVI.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born,
my flower;

But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone
for an hour,—

Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into
the next;

I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I
to be vex't?

XXVII.

And Willy's wife has written. She never was
overwise.

Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I
keep my eyes.

There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have
passed away.

But stay with the old woman now: you cannot
have long to stay.

From Once A Week.

MY FRIEND THE GOVERNOR.

A COLONIAL INCIDENT.

My friend was governor of a known British dependency; and, as his colony was not of the highest class, it involved on his part the performance of miscellaneous functions towards a limited but mixed population. Inter alia, he had occasionally to act as Chief Justice, with the obligation of dealing with the iniquities of certain gentlemen of color, as well as with those of his white compatriots. Had Quashee, according to Mr. Carlyle's theory, been a mere indolent pumpkin-eater, the function in question might have been despatched with the assistance of a little cow-hide. But Quashee, to the confusion of Jean Jacques Rousseau, occasionally broke out in more violent fashion; and in one case where this amounted to arson, rape, or murder, my friend was obliged to sentence Quashee to be executed.

Quashee was, however, condemned to be hanged before it was discovered that there was a judicial hangman in the colony; and my friend the governor therefore found himself in an executive difficulty, and was obliged to solicit unprofessional assistance. Notwithstanding he exerted all his influence to procure the required functionary, nobody in all the colony, white or black, would hang Quashee. In his perplexity, my friend wrote to the then Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, detailing the circumstances and the difficulty which had arisen, and asking for instructions in a matter so important. The Colonial Secretary, confined himself to an acknowledgment of the despatch and to an intimation, conveyed in complimentary terms, that the Colonial Office had so high an opinion of the governor himself, that they left the matter to his sole discretion.

In this dilemma, the governor inquired into the culprit's antecedents, and ascertained that he was the subject of a certain king in the interior, with whom it was considered desirable that we should be on terms of amity; so naturally the thought suggested itself of getting rid of the difficulty and conciliating a native by a stroke of diplomacy. The governor wrote a letter to the sable potentate, intimating confidentially that if his majesty desired a remission of the sentence, and would be pleased to make his desire known to the governor, he himself, on the

part of the British Government, would not only forego its execution, but to oblige his majesty, would set the prisoner at liberty and send him home.

His majesty in reply acknowledged the receipt of the governor's courteous communication, but declined to avail himself of the offer, because, as he substantially put it, the prisoner was the greatest scoundrel in his dominions; and therefore, it would better please his majesty that he should be hanged to save trouble.

Again the governor was reduced to the extreme of perplexity, and, as a last resort, he resolved to confer with the criminal himself. Walking down to the jail in the dusk of the evening, he explained to the prisoner that he was a very violent and wicked person, that he had now been confined a long time, as was hoped, to the reformation of his wicked ways; and therefore, if he would promise to conduct himself properly for the future, he (the governor) was disposed to show him mercy, and grant him life and liberty. To his surprise Quashee replied, in a tone of surly objection, that liberty was of no use to him; that if he were let out of prison he expected nothing but insult and misery; while on the other hand, as he was now heartily sick of confinement, and had been sentenced to be hanged, he expected to be hanged accordingly. At this last rebuff the governor felt there was but one alternative; so he returned to the Government House, gave some private directions, and that same night the prisoner was turned out of prison, and the prison-doors were locked against his re-entry.

But so far from the governor's difficulty being removed by this course, it now took the shape of a regular persecution. On the following morning Quashee watched the governor from his house, and with loud cries demanded summary justice; and from this time, whenever the governor went in or out, or to or from his court—whether he was alone or in company—there was Quashee at his heels, insisting on his right to be hanged.

So completely was the governor wearied by this pertinacity, that in the end he resolved to quit the colony, and to return to his practice at the English Bar. Here he has happily succeeded in obtaining professional equivalents for the loss of his official position, and he can now take a pleasant retrospect of his former colonial difficulty.

R. S. W.

From The Spectator, 6 Aug.

LITERARY NEWS.

MR. MURRAY announces a long list of new books, among them a "Life of Dr. Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta," in two volumes; Mr. Rawlinson's "Bampton Lectures;" Mr. Tindall's philosophical essay on "The Glaciers of the Alps;" Mr. Darwin's work on the "Origin of Species and Varieties;" the late Mr. Leslie's "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds;" the Reverend J. C. Robertson's "Biography of Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury;" a new work on Metallurgy, by Dr. John Purdy; and the first volume of a "Dictionary of Biblical Antiquities," by Dr. William Smith.

"The list of Messrs. Longman and Co., for August, is likewise very considerable, numbering altogether some thirty new works, or new editions. It includes a "Seven Years' Residence in the Great Deserts of North America," by the Abbé Domenech; an elaborate work on Ceylon, by Sir J. Emerson Tennent; the fourth volume of Mure's "Greece;" and the third and last volume of Brialmont's "Life of the Duke of Wellington." There are besides four ornamental fine-art books, and a new edition of Mr. McCulloch's most valuable "Commercial Dictionary."

A flood of novels is announced as at hand. Among them are "The Queen of Hearts," by Wilkie Collins; "Voyages in the Dark," by Captain Mayne Reid; "Almost a Heroine," by the Author of "Charles Auchester;" "Raised to the Peerage," by Mrs. Octavius Owen; and, not to make the list too long, one novel each by Charles Kingsley, Charles Reade, James Hannay, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Mr. Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School-days."

From Dublin we learn that Mr. Kelly, the publisher, has in the press a gossip book, called, "The Friends, Foes, and Adventures of Lady Morgan." The author is an Irish gentleman, who, like a second Boswell, has been engaged for many years in gathering his harvest of anecdote, conversation, and oracular small talk.

A new edition of Lieutenant Maury's valuable "Geography of the Sea," is announced by his English publishers, Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Co. The author, in a letter dated Washington, June 27, and printed in the "Publishers' Circular," says that in this forthcoming edition there will be some important alterations and corrections, among others

as to "the Neptunian difficulties in the way of a Telegraph across the Atlantic, showing that they are by no means insuperable;" and further as to "the force of the trade winds, showing that in the Southern hemisphere the system of atmospherical circulation is much more active and vigorous than it is on our side of the Equator."

Some interesting original works have lately appeared at New York. Among them are a "History of the City of New York," by Mary L. Booth; a "Life of Jonathan Turnbull, Senior, Governor of Connecticut;" and a book called "Recollections of the Revolution: a Domestic Diary of a Family residing in New York during the War of American Independence." Among the American announcements of forthcoming works are "Memoirs of Baron Humboldt, with Accounts of his Travels," by R. H. Stoddard.

A most curious work, entitled "Les Mystères du Désert," has just been published at Paris. Its author is an old African traveller, M. du Courret, who in order to pursue his explorations with more facility turned ednan many years ago, and still remains faithful to this creed, although he has now been living for some time in France."

The second volume of the "*Histoire des Jésuites*" by Mr. Guettée, has appeared at Paris.

M. de la Guéronnière is preparing for the press a new pamphlet, entitled "L'Empereur et l'Angleterre." It will contain, it is said, a complete vindication of the recent policy of the ruler of France."

A clergyman of the Church of England, whose name is not given, has offered two prizes of fifty guineas each, one to English and one to French authors, for the best essay on the importance of an intimate union between England and France, together with suggestions as to the means of making this union perpetual. Lord Brougham and the Earl of Clarendon have consented to be adjudicators of the English essay.

Dr. G. H. von Schubert of Munich, the former friend and tutor of the late Duchess of Orleans, has just published his Memoirs (or, as the book is called, "*Erinnerungen aus dem Leben*," etc.) of the deceased Princess. The work is chiefly made up of original letters, some of which are most charming in their unaffected truthfulness and simplicity.

A large quarto, by Dr. J. Scherr, entitled "Schiller and his Time," has been published by Brockhaus, Leipzig. It is a splendid work, with many engravings, and aims at giving the best and most concise information about the classic period of German literature.